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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

The evening after our arrival, I was summoned to the drawing-room to see George, who had just heard of our return by the kind attention of Mr. O'Shaughnessy who had called at his boarding-house for that purpose.

"And he found you in, George?" I asked reproachfully, for I had often begged of him to take more exercise, and profit by his hours of leisure to snatch a little recreation.

"Yes"—he answered in a desponding, listless tone, "I was just sitting with a volume of Shakespeare in my hand, but I wasn't reading—I was thinking."

"But why were you not out, George, enjoying the beauty of the evening?"

"Well! that's what I could hardly tell you, Elinor!—I used to enjoy a good smart walk, or better still, a ride—in days when I *had* a horse—you remember the Shetland ponies that my poor father bought for Alfred and me—how proud we were of them, and how we used to enjoy a canter out to Rathmines Road—when the days of the Shetland ponies were past away, and Alfred left me alone, I had you or Carry to come out for a ride—but now—I have neither horse nor companion——" he stopped—he could go no farther, and I, though sharing his emotion, tried to appear composed.

"But couldn't you walk?—walking is even better exercise than riding?"

George suddenly raised his eyes and looked me full in the face: "Elinor!" said he, "I am very lonely—I make no companions—I am poor and cannot afford to spend much money on amusements—which I think I could not relish were they within my reach—no one asks me to go on a tour, but, thank God, you are more fortunate!—do you know what I have been thinking?" I answered, of course, in the negative, wondering all the time that he asked me no questions about Killarney or my journey to and fro.

"I have been thinking of going to America."

"To America, George!—surely you are not in earnest!"

"I never was more in earnest, Elinor. Mr. O'Shaughnessy says, you know, that I'm not the cut for a lawyer—now if that is the case—and I do rather think it is, I'll try something else before I get any older. Anything to obtain an independence—here I don't like to be making experiments, and perhaps failing in everything I undertake—you see, Elinor! I have some of the old Preston pride in me yet," he added with a smile, it was a sad smile too—"I'll go to America, where nobody knows me, and I'll see then whether fortune, the capricious jade! has declared irrevocably against me. But she *shall* not conquer me, Nell! for if all fails me, I'll begin at the very foot of the ladder!"

I would fain have remonstrated against this sudden project, but I must confess there was something in it that took my fancy. There was somewhere far down in my heart or mind, a latent love of adventure—a desire to see the world abroad, and though I did not at once say so, I made up my mind in an instant. One or two faint efforts I made to persuade George that he had better remain in Dublin, but he laughed them all to scorn. Seeing this I threw off the mask, and declared that I too would go to America.

"What! you, Elinor!—you brave the perilous ocean—you expose yourself to the unknown trials of an emigrant's life—*you*, Elinor Preston, go seek your fortune in a strange land?—no, no!—you could never think of it!"

"And why not, pray!—what prospects have I here? My funds have dwindled down to fifteen pounds, so I must soon, or indeed at once, think of doing something. In fact, it was against my own convictions that I staid here so long, for, with all their kindness, I cannot divest myself of the feeling of dependence, and oh! George, but the bread of dependence *is* bitter!"

"Well! Nelly," said George, and his fine countenance brightened up considerably, "I'm glad, and yet I'm sorry that you have made up your mind to come. But on the whole, I think,—I'm sure, we'll both be happier together. So, in God's name, we'll see about it very soon."

"How soon?"

"As soon as you like—we'll drive out to Clongowes and to Cabra and see Alfred and the girls—I know Carry will be in despair——"

"I think not, George. I have noticed latterly a quiet, heartfelt resignation growing on dear Carry—if I'm not much mistaken, the world has lost its hold on her. You remember what she told our mother on her death-bed."

"Certainly I do."

"Well! I think she has already made an offering of her life to God, for worldly matters—even where you or I am concerned—seem to have now little or no interest for her. Depend upon it, she will give us no trouble. Her lot is cast."

Here we heard the shrill voice of Mrs. Dillon, senior, coming scolding along the passage. She could hardly command herself sufficiently to shake hands with George when she did make her appearance. "I declare to you, Mr. Preston! it's enough to drive any sensible woman mad to see how things go in this house. Why, there's some people in it that have no more notion of saving than if they were made of money! Well! at any rate, it won't be Stephen or me that will come to the wall—we have enough with a blessin' to last us *our* life-time. So let them that makes the waste feel the want—that's all I have to say!—oh dear me! dear me!"

Neither George nor I well knew what specific to apply to the good lady's wounded feelings, so we said very little, and were well pleased when the entrance of Maria and the old gentleman relieved us from our very awkward position.

Nothing could equal the surprise with which the Dillons, old and young, heard of our determination. "What on earth would take us to America—hadn't we a very good America at home?" the old lady asked.

"Nothing to depend upon, ma'am," was George's answer, "Elinor and I have both to make out our living the best way we can, and I think somehow we shall do it with more energy and spirit in a new and strange country where nobody knows anything of our antecedents. Here we have—at least my sister has—the galling trammels of aristocratic birth and gentle breeding to operate against her when she comes to 'take a situation'—the position she has lost will be as a wall of brass before her, scathing her energies and chilling her hopes. In a strange country there will be none of that—people will take us just as they find us, and we can humble ourselves to almost any employment that may offer a fair chance of success, without having to encounter the hollow pity of pretended friends."

When called upon for my opinion, I entirely coincided with George, and the matter was, of course, settled. The most pertinacious resistance was offered by Mr. O'Shaughnessy, but even he was at last convinced, though much against his will. From that day forward we were gradually making our preparations, carefully husbanding our small means, and calculating almost to a certainty on having a tolerable balance in our hands after all the preliminary expenses. But such was not the will of God. We were not to go forth with our pockets as well lined even as we had expected. About a week before the time appointed for our departure, I was summoned one day in great haste to Cabra to see Carry who was "not at all well," the messenger said. When I got there, I found her delirious: she had contracted a pleurisy of some kind, most probably from a heavy cold, and had been three days in a regular fever before Emily would hear of my being sent for. She had been hoping every day to see a favorable change, but finding that the disease, on the contrary, became daily more alarming, she was forced at last to give in.

"God pity you, my poor sister," she said as she met me at the door, "I fear there is another blow still awaiting you—I know you will not murmur against the will of God—and, besides, there is yet hope. Our sweet Carry may get through—the doctor says she has youth on her side, and a pretty good constitution."

"But alas! Emily's first words had struck such a chill to my heart, that I could not bring myself just then to hope. Carry was ill—very ill—perhaps dying, so I would hardly take time to answer Emily, but ran as fast as my limbs would bear me to the sick room. Little comfort awaited me there. The Carry who lay before me moaning and muttering incoherently with a flushed face and a restless, unconscious eye—her fair tresses of which in happier days we had been all so proud, already clipped and shorn by the doctor's orders—ah no! that was not the bright, beaming Carry to whom I used to go to unbosom myself of my little sorrows, ever sure of finding consolation in her kind word and kinder smile. Ah no! that was not—it could not be—*my* Carry with whom I had been consulting but a few days before on various little matters connected with my outfit. But Carry it was unhappily for me, and as the attending physician began to apprehend that her malady might assume a contagious form as often happens with bad pleurisies, Emily and I agreed that she must be removed at once, lest the pupils of the institution might be exposed to danger, or the interests of the house be at all affected. The kind sisters were at first very unwilling to let their favorite pupil be thus removed, but George had now arrived—I sent for him as soon as I had seen Carry—and we were all three immoveable in our decision. It was no easy matter to procure a lodging for our poor unconscious patient, as no one was willing to risk taking her in, for fear of her disease turning out to be fever. At length, however, George succeeded in finding a widow lady who had recently lost her last child, and as she said, with a melancholy smile, she had nothing to fear if it *were* a fever and a bad one too. "I have only myself now," said she, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, "and life is not so very valuable to me that I should throw away, for fear of losing it, a golden opportunity of doing good. Bring the young lady here at once; my accommodations are none of the best, as you see, but you will find my house perfectly clean, and I will have great pleasure in doing what I can for your dear sister."

George thanked her with a full heart, and the tears were in his eyes when he came back with his glad tidings——

"Glad tidings," I repeated, and I fancy the smile which accompanied the words was anything but cheering.

"Yes, to be sure," said George with forced gaiety, "isn't it glad tidings for you to hear that I have found a tender, compassionate heart to minister to poor Carry—ay! and a door that is hospitable enough to receive her—go along now, you faint-hearted girl! and help Emily to get our patient ready."

But even when we had her ready, we did not get off as soon as George had calculated. There was not one member of the community who did not come to take a parting look at the unconscious sufferer, and to print a kiss on the burning brow where every vein was throbbing with fever. And thankful they were in after days that they had done so, for it was the last sight they ever saw of Caroline Preston, when she was slowly driven from their door lying on a feather bed sent by good Mrs. Butler, with George at one side and me at the other. Emily followed us down the little avenue that led to the high road, and when the carriage reached the gate, she got up on the step, and had the door opened to get another look and another kiss of her young sister, the playmate of her childish days. She had kept up well till then, but nature for the moment triumphed and she burst into tears.

"Yet another sacrifice!" she murmured, as she hung over the stricken lamb of the flock, "oh, Carry! Carry! I hoped to have had you, at least,—you of all the world—but it seems God wishes to try me more and more—*every* human tie *must* be broken before the soul can reach to Him—farewell, then, Carry! to Him I give you up—you are His, and so am I, too. May His will be done in us!—good-bye, Elinor—good-bye, George!—you are a lonely pair—you two. But remember you have a host of friends in heaven, and a father and a dear mother who can and will help you in your need!—go on now!—you needn't speak—I know all you would say. Farewell, Carry, till we meet in heaven."

She was gone, the door closed, and we driving slowly along the high road before a word escaped either my brother or me, and very little was said on either side till we turned down a bridle-road and stopped at Mrs. Butler's door. It was an humble but very neat cottage with a small grass-plot in front, a passion flower, and some luxuriant wood-bine, gracefully, though thinly shading its white-washed wall. It had the greenest of little hall-doors and the brightest of brass knockers, and seemed as though peace and order and contentment were sure to abide within. And they all three might be dwellers there if it depended on the presiding genius. It was just the quiet, sheltered, humble home I would have chosen even then, and had Carry been restored to health I might have been tempted to remain there. Mrs. Butler was, as we expected, both a kind and a skilful nurse, and between her and me and our good old Doctor, Carry had no lack of care or attention But it was all in vain. Her days were number-

ed. Before the week was ended, the Great Summoner visited our calm retreat—and at his bidding, the fever relaxed its hold, a brief interval of consciousness, but of utter prostration followed—just as though to give time for the final parting—and the reception of the last Sacraments—then the tongue lost its function, the damp of death bedewed the pallid, pulseless brow, the failing hands were first extended to George and myself, then clasped on the small ebony crucifix which had been some time before placed on Caroline's bosom—the glazed eyes were turned on each of us mourners for the last time with their wonted look of affection—then the eye-lids fell—the long lashes lay motionless on the colorless cheek, but still the lips moved as though endeavoring to articulate the responses to the Litany for the Dying which George was reading—a faint smile rested for a moment on the wasted though still lovely features, a slight motion of the limbs was perceptible, and then all was still—another link of our chain was broken—our loveliest, our brightest had taken wing from this sad world, yet no cry, no sob escaped us—our anguish was too deep for such relief—as we half-unconsciously followed Mrs. Butler in reciting the Prayers for the Dead. Alas! we had them almost by heart—at least they were so familiar as to need no effort of memory. A day or two more and another grave was added to the group in Glasnevin, and, in a week or so, the name of Caroline Mary Preston, aged 19, was added to the inscription (now fearfully long) on the family tombstone.

When about to leave the cemetery after the interment, when most of our friends and acquaintances were gone—only the Dillons and O'Shaughnessy remaining—who should we see but Susy Broadigan advancing with her accustomed waddling gate to the foot of the new-made grave and there dropping on her knees. Much surprised to see her there, we all waited a few minutes to let her finish her prayer, but seeing that she still remained motionless, George went over and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"You had better be moving home, Susy," he said in a faltering voice, "it looks like rain."

"Ah wisha! Masther George dear," said Susy from under her deep hood, "sure I can't go till I'm done my prayers. Didn't I walk every inch o' the road on fut just to see the last shovelful put on my darlin' Miss Carry, an' to offer up a few *pathers* an' *aves* over her as soon as she'd be covered. Let me alone, Masther George dear, an' I'll be for ever obleeged to you." The tears which fell fast from her eyes attested the sincerity of her words, and George begged her in a soothing tone not to cry so—it would do no good——

Susy cut him very short. "Not to cry, is it, sir? ah then, sure 'id be no wonder if it was tears o' blood I'd cry let alone what it is—sure, I know, Masther George, it'll do no good—ochone no! —but won't it take some o' the heavy load off o' my heart?—och! astore you war, Miss Carry, an' is it you that's lyin' there under the could clay this blessed and holy day, an' poor ould Susy Broadigan above ground to cry you!" A fresh burst of weeping stopped the faithful creature's utterance, and before she had again recovered her voice George and Arthur Dillon had taken her per force to the carriage and lifted her in, for the clouds were, by this time, black and threatening overhead. Much did she grumble and loudly protest against this forcible injection, saying that "a coach was no place for the likes o' her, especially with the quality in it—sure it's on shank's mare she came, an she'd go back the same, please God!"

Her remonstrances were vain, however, for Mrs. Dillon would not suffer her to leave the carriage, assuring her that "she'd be wet to the skin before she got into town, and then they might have her death on them." So poor Susy was forced to give in, and after a dry joke or two from Mr. O'Shaughnessy, which she could not refrain from answering with her usual curt humor, she drew her hood farther over her face and slunk back into the corner of the carriage so as to take up as little room as possible. George and Arthur returned to town on horseback. That night when we were about separating, my brother laid his hand on my shoulder and his eyes filled with tears: "Carry is no trouble to us now," said he, "what think you, Nelly!—aren't our obstacles fast disappearing?"

"Yes!" I answered, "death can do wonders in that way. *He* is the true *Faugh a balach*—" my sorry attempt at a jest made George smile, and with that faint, wintry smile on his lip, he left the door, too hastily as I thought. He afterwards told me that he was afraid of my asking how our funds stood. He need not have feared any such thing, for I could as soon have asked him at the moment how much it had cost us to bury Caroline.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIAN AFFAIRS AND POLITICS.

A correspondent of the *Civilta Cattolica* gives an interesting account of the state of politics and affairs in Russia. It seems that the Sclavonic party, which was so powerful during the war, and called itself the "Russian party," has now almost completely disappeared. Its principal seat was always Moscow, and there was published its journal, the *Muscovite*, but this has ceased to appear. Its place was occupied for some time by the *Quarterly Journal*; but that is only half alive. This party has been succeeded by that of "Western Europe," which the French papers call "German," but which calls itself that of "Peter the Great." This is the supporter of civilization, reform, progress, and liberality. It has become very powerful, and its standard is followed by the great majority of the youth. Its head quarter is in Moscow and the university, where Professor Granosski was looked upon as its head. The professor lately died, and his funeral was made the occasion of a grand political demonstration, with which the authorities did not interfere. The Emperor Alexander, who is greatly beloved by all his subjects, is an especial favorite with the reformers. All are grateful for the amnesty he has granted; for the revocation of the ukases which limited the number of students; for the creation of railway companies; for the amelioration of the passport system, and the diminution of taxation, &c., &c.

The government are now devising methods for introducing three principal ameliorations of the present state of things. The first is the abolition of slavery. On this question the Sclavonic party are much divided. Some assert there is no slavery in Russia—only feudal rights; but others are well aware of the danger of the existing state of things, and wish for a change. The question was lately agitated in the Council of State, and a committee was nominated to consider it, which decided that nothing at present should be done; but it is well understood that steps will be taken before long for carrying the emancipation of the peasants into effect. One plan is to change the arbitrary control of the landlords into services certain, which are to be performed under the supervision of the magistrates. Another is the abandonment of a considerable part of the land to the peasantry, and freeing them from all services upon their undertaking to pay the interest of the mortgages of the landlord as so much rent, leave being also given to mortgage it themselves, in order to pay off the capital.

Connected with this question is that of the Dissenters from the Russian Church called "Staroveri," who number from six to ten millions, mostly among the peasantry and middle classes, many of whom, however, are very rich. This sect took its rise under the Patriarch Necon, two hundred years since, at the time of the reform of the liturgical books and the rites of the Russian Church. The Staroveri are sticklers for the old system, deny the authority of the Synod and the modern Bishops; use a particular form of the sign of the Cross and of the Crucifix, and refuse to accept the modernized liturgy and ritualistic forms. They have now no Bishop, and but few Priests. They are generally pious, industrious, honest, and intelligent persons; but have, till within the last few years, been treated with great rigor, in order to force them to conform to the Russian Church, from which they do not differ in point of doctrine. When the present Emperor mounted the throne, a certain official was on the point of departure from St. Petersburg, charged with the mission of drawing up a report as to their numbers and condition with the view of compelling their submission. One of the first acts of the present Emperor was to revoke this person's power.

The third and still more difficult question is that respecting administrative reform. The Emperor and his minister know well the corruption which exists in all departments, and which was specially made apparent in the Crimean war. The severest inquisitions are made, and punishment inflicted on, all mal-administrators and speculators; but the evil system can only be got rid of by degrees. In the meantime, all give credit to the good intentions of the Czar and of his ministry, who are in general persons of much energy and knowledge, and believe that an era has been inaugurated which will in time emancipate the peasantry, conciliate the Staroveri, free the Catholics, organize anew the judicial tribunals, and purify the general administration of the country.

We fear the correspondent of the *Civilta Cattolica* labors under a mistake when he augurs the freedom of Catholicity in the dominions of the Czar to be near at hand. We give our reasons for this assertion. A short time since the Catholic nobility of Witebsk, Poland, presented the Emperor Alexander with a petition demanding concessions to the religion of the country, and asking that the Polish language should be spoken in the schools; and that the erection of a University at Polnok or some other place should be proceeded with. A request so just and reasonable was not alone left unattended to, but the Viceroy of Poland, brother to the Prince Gortschakoff, the defender of Sebastopol, replied in the following manner to the petition of the Nobles:

"The Secretary of State, Prince Galitzin, has communicated to me the petition of the nobility. I have submitted the same to his Majesty, and communicated at the same time the written opinion of the military governor of Witebsk, who thinks that the nobility have no reason for making such applications; 1st, because the nobility of Witebsk possess ample means for properly educating their youths, since there are two colleges and a military school; 2nd, because, as regards the repairs and constructions of Catholic Churches, the same regulations exist as for those of the orthodox faith. I have on my part considered it my duty to call the attention of his Majesty to the evident tendency of the petition—namely, the preservation of the pretended Polish nationality, a pretension which is the more frivolous that it is unfounded. In fact, the country has never had an existence of its own, and has never been considered as conquered, but as retaken by Russia, to which it belonged for ages. The representations of the nobility are moreover improper. The Emperor has consequently ordered that the petition shall be considered as null and void, and the marshal of the nobility will be told that he has acted with weakness, and those who have signed the petition will be informed that they have done wrong in bringing forward requests which are unfounded. GORTSCHAKOFF."

ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE.

There took place at All Hallows College, during the closing days of the session just past, a remarkable event. One of the youthful Missionaries, an aspirant to the Doctorate Degree in Divinity, held a public thesis, to defend all theology. For two days the thesis was maintained, and, finally, the aspirant admitted a Doctor of the Church.

The scene, as described, was a lively representative of the Catholicity of Ireland at the present time. The Foreign Missionary College in which it took place is itself the best exemplar of the country's zeal for that "faith that worketh unto salvation." From its fine Gothic chapel the Blessed Sacrament had been removed, and there were assembled a goodly company. The young disputant in Deacon's Orders, the Rev. Michael Costello, destined for the mission of Richmond, Virginia, United States, stood on a raised platform before the altar, with his Professors in Divinity one on each side of him. Down the long triple row of stalls on either hand were ranged his brother aspirants to the Apostolate—the hope of many a race and nation. The visitors filled the choir. A large number of the clergy were present. On each side of the sanctuary were seated the Bishops of Limerick, Clonfert, Clogher, Cloyne, Aureliopolis, Kildare and Leighlin, and the Administrator-Apostolic of Derry; and before the disputant sat their Graces the Apostolic Delegate and the Primate, with his Lordship the Bishop of Killaloe.

This, in fact, is the first public thesis which has been held in Ireland since the Reformation. What a period does this simple statement recall—that period during which Catholicity was proscribed, from age to age, and every most wicked expedient had recourse to that diabolical ingenuity could devise to root out the old religion from the land, confiscation of property, statutes of discovery to set the son against the Catholic father, to arm brother against brother, and make the worst enemies prove to be those of our own household; penalties involving life and limb for joining in Catholic worship; penalties upon so much as teaching a Papist how to read; a price for the head of a Priest! Yet all the while the schoolmaster never failed; the Priest was never found wanting. In his own smoky cabin, or in some friendly farmhouse loft during the wet weather, and out by the hedgerow all the bright day long, the Kerry philomath parsed his pupils, and the poor scholar travelled the country to prepare himself for college, received in the houses of the poor as Elias by the widow of Sarephta.

Good and brave times they were, even those penal times. Suffering we know to be the portion of the elect. And if God permitted persecution, He poured forth upon the sufferers the spirit of fortitude whereby they were enabled "to bear all things, to endure all things." Suffering bringeth forth heroism. Ardent youths were ever found ready to devote themselves, in the face of persecution and even martyrdom, to the Ministry. Smuggled abroad to college, and home again when Priested, they labored through the dark night long, that when the day of the Lord shall come, the miracle of Divine Providence may be manifested in regard of this people.

We have entered upon a new, and, as we have every reason to believe, a bright period, when the Irish Church shall not be less illustrious in Saints and Doctors than in the days of St. Gall and Duns Scotus. In fact a complete revolution has taken place since the Reformation. To what a degree the age has altered for the brighter since our grandfather's time, we of this generation can scarce realize. There are those yet living who can recollect when Catholic doctrine had to be spoken with bated breath. They have lived to wonder at themselves. They have lived to see the day, in this year of grace, 1857, when, in a College for Foreign Missions, raised by Catholic alms, a young aspirant Doctor of the Church ventured publicly to assert the truth, to defend *contra omnes qui oderunt lucem*, the whole system of Catholic theology, and found none to gag or gainsay him.—*Dublin Tablet.*

INDIA.—The news from India, which probably is near at hand, is looked forward to with great anxiety. The imorptant question is, has Delhi been captured by the British troops? For if it has not the "best authorities" in England say that all looks blue as indigo. The Native army of Bombay, which is known to be disaffected, will go by the board, Madras will follow, and then good-bye to the British Empire. The *Times*, which has all through written cautiously on these affairs, with the design to check "unnecessary alarm," and quiet the fears of the capitalists, begins to take a gloomy view of the chances:

"Delhi, the capital of Mahomedan India, the residence of the heir of the Moguls, the chief arsenal of Upper India, and filled with cannon, shot, and shell, is in the hands of some thousands of Asiatics, many of whom are practised artillerymen. The place possesses warlike stores sufficient to stand a long siege, and it is defended by a wall of considerable strength, considering the artillery we can bring against it; for, according to all accounts, we have only light guns, and are awaiting the arrival of heavier metal before commencing the attack. In the meantime all India is looking out for news from Delhi. Not only throughout Bengal, where it may be said that every soldier is a mutineer at heart, but in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, the native troops are wavering, inclined to revolt, but afraid to move, and asking each other whether men of their race can really hold the chief city of their country against the foreigners who have till now swept everything before them. All depends upon whether General Barnard will prove himself equal to the occasion. It is an awful stake upon a man almost unknown. The capture of Delhi is an affair in which days, even hours, are precious. No one doubts that eventually a British force must take a place garrisoned only by Asiatics, but the capture after a regular siege would be almost as fatal as failure. We cannot afford to make a Sebastopol of the capital of Upper India, although Delhi, too, is an arsenal, and we are marching to attack it without a siege train. While the troops are making parallels and the General planning scientific attacks the whole of India would be in a flame. Every discontented Rajah, every unquiet tribe, the monarchs of the neighboring regions, and the unfriendly States of Europe might make use of the opportunity to inflict on the country loss and dishonor. The assault on Delhi must, then, be fervently hoped for."

This is the language of alarm, plain and undisguised. There is a palpitation of the heart in every line. British generals have not proved themselves great geniuses of late, *vide* Raglan, Jones, and Simpson; and what is to be expected from Barnard, whom nobody knows? It is very awful—to England and the East India Company. We take it coolly.—*Nation.*

THE LATE INSURRECTION IN ITALY.—The *Debats* contains the following details respecting the late insurrectionary movements in Italy: "The plot was conceived on a large scale, and was skilfully organized; the most experienced conspirators, not only of Italy, but of France and Germany, were privy to the arrangements. The leaders of the movement had considerable sums of money at their disposal, the origin of which remains a mystery. The supreme direction of the conspiracy was entrusted, according to all accounts, to Mazzini. He visited Genoa, it is said, at the commencement of the month of April, after having run through Germany, France, Switzerland, and even the Italian provinces of Austria, defying, with rare presence of mind, the vigilance of the Austrian police, which is nevertheless so clever in discovering those who are obnoxious to it. We are now acquainted by the declaration of M. Ratazzi that the merit of the discovery of the plot at Genoa is due to the French administration, which at once placed itself in communication with the courts of Rome, Naples, Turin, and Florence. Two circumstances then arose: the Italian courts were enabled to take precautionary measures, and the conspirators saw themselves detected and threatened. It is said that confusion and hesitation entered their ranks; that the majority desired an adjournment of the enterprize, but that the minority insisted on an immediate appeal to arms. The explosion of the plot was the work of this obstinate minority. The conspirators have lost many of their men; but, as generally happens, the leaders have taken care of themselves. Mazzini was, it is said, in favor of the adjournment, and the movement broke out in spite of his exertions."

A grave affair has occurred in the high street of Pera. M. Guarraccino, brother of an English consul, happened to be standing at the door of a confectioner's shop, when a carriage occupied by sultanas, and escorted by several eunuchs, came up. The Turkish ladies are such coquettes, that, in spite of their veils, they allow themselves to be seen, and even by their glances excite admiration. Whether they gave M. Guarraccino a glance or not I do not know, but certain it is that he approached too close to the carriage and looked into it with too much curiosity to please the eunuchs, and one of them struck him with a whip. M. Guarraccino, in return, struck the man with his cane, the latter drew his sword; the former endeavored to wrest it from him, and both of them cut their fingers. On this the other eunuchs, sword in hand, rushed on M. Guarraccino, and he was obliged to take to flight, in running he fell and the eunuchs coming up stabbed him several times in the back. The eunuchs then continued their route, but not until after they had given their names to the police.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XI.

Death of Brennan, the Robber—Leonard M'Nally and Parsons—Local Rhymes—Roscrea Castle—O'Connell King of Belgium—Sir Jonah Barrington and Stevenson the Pawnbroker—Curious Escape from Gaol—Project to re-organize the Volunteers—Provincial Repeal Meeting at Kilkenny—Eulogy on the Irish Church—William Cobbett at Kilkenny—O'Connell's Remark on Cobbett—O'Connell's Recollection of his School Days—O'Connell's Account of his First Circuit—Robert Hickson.

NEXT morning, the 10th of October, we rose at seven o'clock, and resumed our route to Dublin.

Passing a gravel pit, O'Connell said, "That is the spot where Brennan, the robber, was killed. Jerry Connor* was going from Dublin to Kerry, and was attacked by Brennan at that spot. Brennan presented his pistol, crying 'Stand!' 'Hold!' cried Jerry Connor, 'don't fire—here's my purse.' The robber, thrown off his guard by these words, lowered his weapon, and Jerry, instead of a purse, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot Brennan in the chest. Brennan's back was supported at the time against the ditch, so he did not fall. He took deliberate aim at Jerry, but feeling himself mortally wounded, dropped his pistol, crawled over the ditch, and walked slowly along, keeping parallel with the road. He then crept over another ditch, under which he was found dead the next morning."

At a part of the road between Kildare and Rathcoole, O'Connell pointed out the place where Leonard M'Nally, the attorney, son to the barrister of the same name, alleged he had been robbed of a large sum. To indemnify himself for his alleged loss, he tried to levy the money off the county. "A pair of greater rogues than father and son never lived," said O'Connell; "and the father was busily endeavoring to impress upon every person he knew a belief that his son had been really robbed. Among others, he accosted Parsons, then M.P. for the King's County, in the hall of the Four Courts. 'Parsons! Parsons, my dear fellow!' said old Leonard, 'did you hear of my son's robbery!' 'No,' answered Parsons, quietly, 'I did not—who did he rob?'"

We dined at Roscrea. The old castle of the Damers is nearly opposite the inn. Its founder made a fortune from very small beginnings. O'Connell repeated the epitaph Dean Swift composed for one of its proprietors:

> "Beneath this verdant hillock lies,
> Damer, the wealthy and the wise,
> His heirs, that he might soundly rest,
> Buried him in an iron chest—
> The very chest in which, they say,
> His second self—his money—lay!"

O'Connell's memory was stored with the local rhymes with which rustic bards had celebrated the country towns of Ireland. Speaking of Mallow, he repeated "The Rakes of Mallow;" and the mention of Doneraile elicited some stanzas he had gathered from the diatribe pronounced against that village by Patrick O'Kelly—a wandering poet.

From Roscrea to Dublin we talked politics, of which the tone was not mitigated by the recollections excited by Jigginstown House; the extensive ruins of which, on the right of the road, attest the splendor of "Black Tom"—the name by which the founder (the detested Stafford) is still known in Ireland.

O'Connell mentioned that at the election for a King of Belgium in 1830, which ended in placing Leopold upon the throne, three votes had been given for him.

We talked of the Union, and of its historian, Sir Jonah Barrington. The Liberator told me an anecdote of Barrington, which, if true, is rather more creditable to his ingenuity than to his integrity. "Sir Jonah," said O'Connell, "had pledged his family plate for a large sum of money to one Stevenson, a Dublin pawnbroker; and feeling desirous to recover the plate without paying back the money, he hit upon the following device to accomplish his purpose. He invited the Viceroy and several noblemen to dinner, and then went to Stevenson, begging he might let him have the plate for the occasion. 'You see how I am circumstanced, Stevenson,' said Sir Jonah.* 'I have asked all these fine folk to dine, and I *must* borrow back my plate for this one day. I assure you, my dear fellow, you shall have it again; and in order to secure its restoration to your hands, you shall come and make one of our party. I can ask *one* private friend; and you, as a member of the Common Council, are perfectly admissible. Come—there's a good fellow! and you know you need not leave my house until you carry off the plate along with you.' Stevenson, delighted at the honor of dining at the table with the Viceroy, Lords, and Judges, fell into the trap, and went to dinner. Sir Jonah plied him well with champagne, and soon made him potently drunk. At a late hour he was sent home in a job-coach; his wife put him to bed, and he never awoke till two o'clock next day. An hour then elapsed before his misty, muddled recollection cleared itself. He *then* bethought him of the plate—he started up, and drove to Barrington's. But alas! Sir Jonah was gone, and what was much worse, *the plate was gone too!* Poor Stevenson recorded a bitter vow against dining in aristocratic company for the rest of his natural life."

As we drove along Skinner's Row, O'Connell pointed out the ruins of the Old Four Courts, and showed me where the old gaol had stood. "Father Lube," said he, "informed me of a curious escape of a robber from that goal. The rogue was rich, and gave the gaoler £120 to let him out. The gaoler then prepared for his prisoner's escape in the following manner: he announced that the fellow had a spotted fever, and the rogue shammed sick so successfully, that no one suspected any cheat. Meanwhile, the gaoler procured a fresh corpse, and smuggled it into the prisoner's bed; while the pseudo-invalid was let out one fine dark night. The corpse, which passed for that of the robber, was decently interred, and the trick remained undiscovered till revealed by the gaoler's daughter, long after his death. Father Lube told me," added O'Connell, "that the face of the corpse was dappled with paint, to imitate the discolorment of a spotted fever."

During this day's journey, O'Connell, while reading the newspapers, suddenly called out—"Oh, have you seen Lord Charlemont's declaration in his speech at the Armagh dinner? He says that 'if justice be not done to Ireland, we must see the resuscitation of the volunteer corps.' God bless him! It is just like his father's son."

"And if the volunteers were reorganized," said I, "what command would *you* take?"

"I would be colonel of the First Regiment of Dublin Volunteers."

I said something about "the Peace Principle."

"Oh," rejoined he, "although a military, it would yet be a pacific band; its existence would quietly achieve our rights by showing the futility of resisting them."

"It seems curious," said I, "that so many of our Protestant gentry, who opposed the Union with the utmost bitterness, should have afterwards opposed the Repeal, and adopted what are called Tory politics."

"They got the patronage of the country," said O'Connell, "and the license to misgovern the people. That kept them quiet, and helped to reconcile them to the new order of things."

I spoke of a Conservative barrister named Collis, who in 1800 had written an Anti-Union pamphlet, predicting the ruin of the country from that measure, and who in 1826 had told me all his predictions were fulfilled by the event.

"Ah, I knew Collis, too," said O'Connell; "he was a clever fellow. He had talent enough to have made a figure at the bar, if it had not been for the indolence induced by his comfortable property. His wife was a Miss Rashleigh,* an uncommonly beautiful woman. He and I went circuit together. Going down to the Munster circuit by the Tullamore boat, we amused ourselves on deck firing pistols at the elms along the canal. There were a small party of soldiers on board, and one of them authoritatively desired us to stop our firing. 'Ah, corporal, don't be so cruel,' said Collis, still firing away. 'Are you a corporal?' said I. He surily replied in the affirmative. 'Then, friend,' said I, 'you must have got yourself reduced to the ranks by misconduct, for I don't see the V's upon your sleeve.' This raised a laugh at his expense, and he slunk off to the stern quite chopfallen."

The provincial meeting of Leinster for the Repeal of the Union shortly took place at Kilkenny.† Croker's Hill, in the vicinity of that city, was the place selected for the meeting. Accustomed as my eyes had been for several years to large assemblies, I was really astonished at the enormous concourse which gathered on this occasion. The numbers were computed—and I do not think the computation an exaggerated one—at 200,000 persons, of whom at least 20,000 were on horseback. It was a noble sight! that orderly and well-conducted multitude, pacifically met together without riot, without crime, without violence, to record their hostility to all save domestic legislation for Ireland. They had come to renew the declaration of the Irish Volunteers of 1779—"We know our duty to our Sovereign, and are loyal; we also know our duty to ourselves, and are resolved to be free."

O'Connell felt the full inspiration of the scene before him, and his thrilling words aroused the spirits and confirmed the resolves of his auditors. As has usually happened with his greatest efforts, the report did not do him justice. I have preserved the following passage, in which he alludes to the faith of the people of Ireland; it is one of the best *morceaux* of his eloquence, as regards both the beauty of sentiment and the felicity of expression. He had been speaking of the penal code:

"Your priesthood were hunted and put to death; yet your hierarchy has remained unbroken—a noble monument of your faith and your piety. The traveller who wanders over Eastern deserts, beholds the majestic temples of Balbec or Palmyra, which rear their proud columns to heaven in the midst of solitude and desolation. Such is the Church of Ireland. In the midst of our political desolation, a sacred Palmyra has ever remained to us. It is true our altars have been broken down, and the gold and the silver have been taken away; the temple has been desecrated, and its sacred tenants slain or forced to fly. But the moral Palmyra still stands in the midst of the desert. Its columns of eternal truth still tower to the clouds. The Church of the People of Ireland has survived the wreck of time; the hierarchy exists in the plenitude of its integrity—a glorious monument of the religious fidelity and steady faith of the Catholics of Ireland."

The evening terminated with a Repeal banquet, which took place in a large apartment belonging to Mr. Smithwick, of St. Francis' Abbey.

I was Mr. Smithwick's guest; and that gentleman informed me that Cobbett had passed a week beneath his roof in 1834. Cobbett during his sojourn, used to rise at five, and promenade the gardens, with his hands joined behind his back, and his eyes fixed on the ground. His hostess and her child met him on some of these early perambulations, but he did not condescend to take the least notice of them. During the day, he often inquired with apparent anxiety what he was to have for dinner; and on the whole, he was so much pleased with Mr. Smithwick's *menage*, as to make it the subject of an eulogistic letter in his *Weekly Register*.

O'Connell said of Cobbett, that "his mind had not an extensive grasp; but what it *could* lay hold on, it grasped with iron force. He was honest: he never saw more than one side of a subject at a time, and he honestly stated his impression of the side he saw."

O'Connell, as I have already said, was very communicative when travelling. About this period the various Repeal meetings kept the agitators constantly on the road; and he told me several incidents connected with his early life. He said, "I learned the alphabet in an hour. I was, in childhood, remarkably quick and persevering. My childish propensity to idleness was overcome by the fear of disgrace: I desired to excel, and could not brook the idea of being inferior to others. One day I was idle, and my teacher finding me imperfect in my lesson, threatened to beat me. But I shrank from the indignity, exclaiming, 'Oh, don't beat me for one half hour! If I haven't my lesson by that time, beat me *then!*' The teacher granted me the reprieve, and a lesson, rather a difficult one, was thoroughly learned."

On another occasion O'Connell said to me, "I was the only boy who wasn't beaten at Harrington's school; I owed this to my attention."

His instructors at Douay predicted his future distinction, from the rare abilities he displayed while in that seminary.

In the spring of 1798 he was in Dublin, and joined the yeomanry, embodied to defend the city from the insurgents. Of the men who were embodied in the corps, many were discovered to be United Irishmen; a discovery which alarmed O'Connell, who naturally feared, that some officious person might endeavor to implicate him in their disaffection. In June, 1798, he quitted Dublin. The following narrative I give as nearly in his own words as possible:

"Communication by land with the interior was cut off; so eighteen of us sailed for Cork in a potato-boat, bound for Courtmasherry. We each gave the pilot half a guinea to put us ashore at the Cove of Cork, where we landed, after a capital passage of thirty-six hours. I then went to Iveragh, and remained some months at Carhen. In the August of 1798 my career was nearly ended by a violent fever, occasioned by sitting in wet clothes. I tried, for a fortnight, to fight it off, but at last I was compelled to yield. My life was despaired of. By the blessing of God I recovered, contrary to all expectation; and, after my recovery, I prepared to quit Carhen, to go off circuiteering. It was at four o'clock, on a fine sunny morning, that I left Carhen, on horseback. My brother John came part of the way with me; and oh, how I *did* envy him, when he turned off the road to hunt among the mountains, whilst *I* had to enter on the drudgery of my profession. But we parted. I looked after him, from time to time, until he was out of sight, and then I cheered up my spirits as well as I could; I had left home at such an early hour that I was in Tralee at half-past twelve. I got my horse fed, and, thinking it was as well to push on, I remounted him, and took the road to Tarbert by Listowell. A few miles further on, a shower of rain drove me under a bridge for shelter. While I stayed there, the rain sent Robert Hickson also under the bridge. He saluted me, and asked me where I was going? I answered, 'To Tarbert.' 'Why so late?' said Hickson. 'I am not late,' said I. 'I have been up since four o'clock this morning.' 'Why, where do you come from?' 'From Carhen.' Hickson looked astonished, for the distance was near fifty Irish miles. But he expressed his warm approval of my activity. '*You'll do*, young gentleman,' said he; 'I see *you'll do*.' I then rode on, and got to Tarbert about five in the afternoon—full sixty miles, Irish, from Carhen. There wasn't one book to be had at the inn. I had no acquaintance in the town; and I felt my spirits low enough at the prospect of a long, stupid evening. But I was relieved, by the sudden appearance of Ralph Marshall, an old friend of mine, who came to the inn to dress for a ball that took place in Tarbert that night. He asked me to accompany him to the ball. 'Why,' said I, 'I have ridden sixty miles.' 'Oh, you don't seem in the least tired,' said he, 'so come along.' Accordingly I went, and sat up until two o'clock in the morning, dancing. I arose next day at half-past eight, and rode to the Limerick assizes. At the Tralee assizes of the same circuit, James Connor gave me a brief. There was one of the witnesses of the other party whose cross-examination was thrown upon *me* by the opposite counsel. I did not do, as I have seen fifty young counsel do; namely, hand the cross-examination over to my senior. I thought it due to myself to attempt it, hit or miss! and I cross-examined him right well. I remember he stated that he had *his share* of a pint of whiskey; whereupon, I asked him *whether his share was not all except the pewter?* He confessed that it was: and the oddity of my mode of putting the question was very successful, and created a general and hearty laugh. Jerry Keller repeated the encouragement Robert Hickson had already bestowed upon my activity, in the very same words. 'You'll *do*, young gentleman! you'll *do!*'"

I asked him who was Robert Hickson?

"He had been originally a Catholic; he then turned Protestant, and was twice appointed High Sheriff of Kerry. In 1799, he wished to turn Catholic again, and consulted Plunkett, Saurin, and myself, whether by doing so, he would incur the penalties against relapsed Papists. His counsel freed his mind from this apprehension; and he accordingly returned to his original church and died a Catholic."

(To be continued.)

* Of Tralee, an attorney.

* The punsters said, on the occasion of Mr. Collis's marriage with Miss Rashleigh, "that he had been a long time thinking of marrying, and at last married 'rashly.'" The lady, in addition to her eminent personal charms, was a wealthy co-heiress.

† October 16, 1840.

MR. DALLAS IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Dallas, our Minister in England, has acquitted himself nobly on a recent occasion, and proved beyond the possibility of denial, that he at least takes no part, or entertains no sympathy for the delusive cant which would strive to impose on the world the notion that the men who built up this giant confederation, and now maintain it by their arms and energies, belong exclusively to the boasted Anglo-Saxon race. The occasion which elicited this declaration on the part of Mr. Dallas, was the following: John Cotton was vicar of Boston, in Lincolnshire, England, from 1612 to 1633. In the latter year, he resigned his living, and removed to the colony of New England, where he was very instrumental in laying the foundation of the present city of Boston, and where he died in December, 1652. Boston, in Massachusetts, was so called in compliment to Mr. Cotton, and many of the early settlers in New England emigrated from Lincolnshire, and particularly from the neighborhood of Boston. In commemoration of the above event, as well as of paying a tribute to the memory of John Cotton, a church was opened on Tuesday, the 21st of July, in this Lincolnshire, Boston, at which was present the Bishop of Lincoln, besides a number of other notables. His Excellency the American Minister was also there, by special invitation, and was presented with two addresses, and at a banquet in the evening in returning thanks on his own behalf for the toast of "The Minister of the United States," spoke as follows:

"There are topics, I confess, I should like to touch on, but the advanced hour of the evening forbids me. There is one, however, I must beg of you to excuse me for introducing. I heard the distinguished gentleman on the opposite side make mention of what is called the Anglo-Saxon race. Well, that no doubt is a very distinguished race. It is entitled to high praise, for it has accomplished wonders. But I do not think that the United States of America, as they now exist, can be considered as confined to the Anglo-Saxon race. It is a matter of fair truth to say to you that there is a very large proportion of the citizens of the United States who are Celts, not Anglo-Saxons. If there be any Irish here they must understand that their fellow countrymen constitute a very large proportion of what may be termed the character of the United States of America. Nay, to go a little further—one of our States is almost exclusively Spanish; another of our States is almost exclusively French; and the very State to which I am proud to belong, a State that is called the Keystone State, has so many of its population of the German race that we are actually obliged to publish our laws in that language to accommodate them. Now all those races blended together constitute the national character of the United States of America. That country, therefore, is not exclusively Anglo-Saxon. Undoubtedly some of its most distinguished sources of origin are Anglo-Saxon, but as now organized—as it is now fixed—under its present constitution and present population, it is a government and a country composed of all peoples and races, and not confined exclusively to the Anglo-Saxons."

The above must have startled his Excellency's hearers in no slight degree, accustomed as they have been latterly to laudations the most eulogistic of this sham Anglo-Saxonism, by persons from the United States possessing neither morality nor truth sufficient to undeceive them on this subject. Mr. Dallas' exposition, however, will suffice for the present, and no doubt will be productive of much good.

A LOFTY WATERFALL.—The waterfalls which surround the Valley of Zor Hamite, in California, are believed to be the loftiest in the world. One of them is estimated at 2,000 feet high.

The Duchess Regent of Parma has conferred a gold medal upon L. Spazzina, a girl of fifteen, as a reward for the spirit she exhibited in defending herself and the household against a robber who broke in while she was alone. She attacked him with a knife, wounded, and put him to flight. When her father returned home she went with him in pursuit of the robber, who was overtaken, captured, and convicted.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

For a whole week, from Sunday the twelfth to Sunday the nineteenth, the Orangemen of Belfast have kept that town in a state bordering on civil war. Every evening during that time the Orange party came out into the streets in force, armed with guns and other weapons, shouting, firing shots, and in every possible way insulting and defying all who did not belong to their ruffian organization. This conduct, of course, brought out the opposing party; shots were interchanged, stones were flung in showers, houses were wrecked, and many persons were dangerously wounded. The police were present, but not in sufficient numbers to check the rioters, even were they properly directed; but it was only too plain to all parties that they were not sent to act impartially among the belligerents. The military were called out several times, and employed to clear the streets at the point of the bayonet. A large number of the rioters were hurt, and many of both parties were made prisoners. Let the Orangemen who originated these disgraceful scenes now ask themselves what have they gained by their insults and attacks. They have been attacked and well pounded in return, they have been chased and ridden over by the troops, they have been collared and pulled into prison by the police, and fined by the magistrates; and though it may be a very agreeable occupation on the twelfth of July to curse the Pope, beat the big drum, play the fife, and take a pot shot at a Catholic now and again, yet, we may ask them whether, after all, this is not paying dear—very dear—for their whistle. It was all very well while the Catholic people of the North were few in number, and proportionately low in spirit, and while the deeds of Purplemen and Orangemen were sure to be winked at, if not openly applauded by the Government, but those times are gone by; the late events in Belfast show that impunity for Orange ruffianism is at an end, and prove what is still better, that the Catholics in that quarter are now numerous enough, and well able to defend themselves. They will not commence hostilities with any party. It is the duty of the Government to protect them, to see that they are not at any time, but particularly on the blood-marked festival days of Orangeism, left open to the sorties of armed lodges of Orangemen, with no other safeguard than the intervention of a few Orange Magistrates, except in their own right arms.—*Nation.*

Prince Napoleon Bonaparte arrived in Carrickfergus Roads in La Reine Hortense steam yacht. La Reine Hortense is commanded by Captain Selod, the second commander being M. Dubisson, and the first lieutenant, M. Hamelin (son of the French Minister of Marine). A party of ladies and gentlemen belonging to Holywood, visited the yacht, and were shown, with much attention, over the ship by Commander Dubisson and Lieutenant Hamelin. At four o'clock in the evening, his Imperial Highness landed at Carrickfergus, the yacht afterwards steaming up to Cultra. On landing he at once came to Belfast by train, and was accompanied through the town by Adam Duffin, Esq., French Vice-Consul at this port. Prince Napoleon called into Messrs. Arnott and Co's., Bridge street, and made considerable purchases, especially of linen. He also proposed visiting the different manufacturing establishments *incognito*, but the lateness of the hour prevented him carrying that wish into execution. He was loudly cheered during his progress through the streets, which he graciously acknowledged, and these manifestations of hearty good will were repeated at Cultra, where he entered one of the ship's barges, and proceeded on board his vessel. In the evening his Imperial Highness supped at the Imperial Hotel, in company with a party of ladies and gentlemen, including J. G. M'Gee, Esq., T. C. La Reine Hortense sailed for Staffa, and it is believed the Prince will pay a visit to the Giant's Causeway.

Mr. Justice Moore read a sensible lecture to the county Antrim grand jury on the subject of Orangeism. His lordship plainly intimated that the Orange processions, which have kept so many parts of Ulster in a state of angry excitement, and which have produced such lamentable results in Belfast, are due to the neglect of these same grand jurors, magistrates and landlords; for, if they exercised, honorably and patriotically, each in his own district, the influence they possess, these processions would never take place with their sanguine consequences. If Judge Moore knew as well as we do how Orange landlords and magistrates, and Orange state-paid Parsons, promote these disgraceful exhibitions with their countenance and favor, he would have probably thought sterner language necessary. Something stronger than judicial remonstrance is needed to put down this fanatic nuisance, which is the shame of Ulster.—*Ulsterman.*

At the Crumlin Petty Sessions, before Mr. Whitla, J. P., Mr. James Young and Mr. Joseph Gibson, solicitors, Belfast, appeared to prosecute forty-five persons, who, on the 1st and 22d of June, ult., formed part of an assembly who were engaged in cockfighting. It was elicited by the attorney for the prosecution, after a lengthened investigation, that a crowd of persons, from various localities, assembled on the occasion in question, and "fought cocks." The crowd, it was discovered, consisted of parties belonging to various classes of society—some in the higher, and some in the humbler ranks of life. Twenty-six parties were identified, and his worship, after complimenting the attorneys who conducted the prosecution, fined the defaulters in various sums, amounting, in the aggregate, to £31 19s.

At the Belfast Police Court there were one hundred and twenty-four cases on trial on Saturday, the 18th ult., twenty-four of which were the ordinary custody charges, and the remainder were charges arising out of the late riots, and summonses for county cess.

Carlow.

Arthur Kavanagh, High Sheriff, entered the courthouse, when the grand jury were sworn by Thomas Jameson, Esq., Clerk of the Crown. There is not a single prisoner to be tried at the forthcoming assizes, so that the High Sheriff will have the pleasure of presenting the Lord Chief Justice with a pair of white gloves.

Cavan.

The half-yearly examinations of the Kilmore Academy (over which the lord bishop of the diocese, the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, and the lord bishop of Perth, the Right Rev. Dr. Brady, presided) commenced on the 14th and terminated on the 19th ult. Many of the clergy of the surrounding districts were present on the occasion, and bore willing testimony to the proficiency of the students, and the general progress of the institution. The subjects of examination comprised the ancient classics—science in its most advanced branches—the modorn languages—elocution, &c., &c.; and it is but just to say that, in each of those departments, the answering was highly creditable to the efficiency of the professors, and the industry and talent of their pupils.

Clare.

On Sunday, the 12th ult., a sermon was preached in the Roman Catholic Church, Ennis, by the Rev. Mr. Darrac, St. Michael's, Limerick, in aid of the fund for erecting a suitable altar in that magnificent edifice.

Dr. William Ryan has been elected by the Ennis Board of Guardians as medical officer to the Killaniv dispensary district.

The number of inmates in Ennis Union workhouse is 448, nearly 200 less than there were this time twelvemonths.

A new reading-room has been established in Kilkee.

Cork.

We perceive that the inaugural meeting of the County Cork Club organization is postponed, in consequence of certain ecclesiastical and other arrangements. The assizes, the retreat of the clergy of the Cork diocese, and the month's mind for the Rev. Mr. O'Callaghan at Lisgoold (which all the clergy of the Midleton deanery are bound by statute to attend) are excellent and conclusive reasons for this postponement. There is no need of precipitancy in the matter; but there *is* need that whatever is done be done wisely and unanimously. The organization bids fair to be one of the most influential and successful that ever existed in the county. —*Examiner.*

Donegal.

The *Londonderry Standard*, which devotes a considerable portion of its space to a report of the proceedings before the grand jury of Donegal, in reference to a claim of certain English and Scotch proprietors for compensation for the destruction of a large number of sheep which they alleged had been maliciously made away with, says: "It is morally certain that a number of the missing sheep had been wilfully made away with, probably from malicious motives in some cases, possibly in other instances from the pressure of want amongst the peasantry; while it is difficult to peruse the evidence as a whole without a strong impression in regard to the absence of that definite proof which would have been insisted upon in other forms of legal inquiry. A sum of eleven or twelve hundred pounds had, at the Letterkenny presentment sessions, been laid upon a poor district, whose total yearly valuation is little more than £1,300, involving a ruinous fine to the extent of nearly 100 per cent. upon the entire resources of the population, although, for aught any one can tell, the outrage thus punished may have been the work of strangers belonging to a totally different part of the country. It is certainly strange that out of eight or nine hundred sheep alleged to have been destroyed, so few carcasses, or remains of carcasses, should have been discovered, while in the cabins of the country people scarcely a fragment seems to have turned up in any direction. It is all but a physical impossibility that this result should have ensued had the immediate inhabitants of the district been the perpetrators of the crime, and hence the hardship of their position in being made to suffer for deeds in which they may have had no participation. According to our reading of the report, there is not a particle of evidence to connect the rural population of the neighborhood in question with the offence charged. The very utmost that can be made out is a case of suspicion, and this suspicion meanwhile resting upon no tangible proof whatsoever."

Down.

In Derriaghy, there was an extensive display made by the Orangemen of that district. About eleven lodges, decked out in the paraphernalia of the order, marched in procession to Derriaghy Church, where a sermon was preached to them by the Rev. Hartley Hodson. Mr. Jonathan Richardson, of Lambeg, ex-M.P. for Lisburn, figured conspicuously in the proceedings, being one of the collectors at the door of the church. In the neighborhood of Stoneyford, a party of Orangemen stopped a hearse, carrying the remains of a person to their last resting-place, and maltreated some of the parties attending the funeral. The famous "Killyman Wreckers," we have been informed by a gentleman who passed through that locality, have this year fully supported their old prestige. He tells us the roads were crowded by drunken "wreckers," who, as the vehicle in which he was seated passed along, paid their respects in no flattering terms to the Pope and his followers.

Mr. Justice Jackson, in opening the commission at Downpatrick, was compelled to draw the attention of the grand jury to the shameful revival of party feuds in the county. His lordship said—Notwithstanding the number of prosecutions that have hitherto taken place under the act prohibiting Orange processions, they are persevered in, and always lead to grievous results in various ways. I regret to hear that recently, on the anniversary of the 12th of July, there have been these processions in many parts of the country, and that in some instances they have been followed by loss of life. Now, in the present instances these party processions are on the part of persons calling themselves Protestants, and who are proud to be so considered. I hope that being a Protestant means a Christian man, and unquestionably it is one of the first duties of a Christian man to obey the law of the land.

Dublin.

A lamentable accident, by which three lives have been lost, occurred in Dublin Bay. It appears that eight persons, nearly all belonging to the Brigade of Guards now stationed at the Royal Barracks, and including an officer, went out on a pleasure excursion in a four-oared boat, which also carried a sail. They had been rowing about during the day, and in the evening, when about a mile and a half off Kingstown harbor, standing towards Howth, the boat capsized, and the whole party were immersed in the water. Some of them clung to the overturned boat, others to the oars, and the remainder kept above water by swimming. The accident was observed on board the Isle of Bute steamer, which was engaged at the time towing a large vessel to Dublin, and the master (John Hayes) at once caused the tow-rope to be cast off, and the course of the steamer directed to the men who were struggling for life in the water, and almost exhausted. Before it arrived three of the unfortunate boating party sunk to rise no more—one of them was a corporal of the Guards named Dance. The other five were rescued by the master of the steamer and several of his men, who gallantly jumped overboard and picked them up almost on the point of sinking from utter exhaustion.—*Freeman.*

A meeting of the leading members of the Dublin election committee was held to consider the most effectual means of promoting the process of the petition against the return of the sitting members for the city of Dublin. The necessity of an energetic movement, in order to guarantee the petitioners and their solicitors against the expenses, was considered, and it was determined to hold a public meeting for the purpose of adopting the most effectual means of prosecuting and ensuring the success of the petition.—*Ibid.*

Kerry.

The Secretary of the British and Irish Telegraph Company, Mr. Bright, accompanied by the district engineer, Mr. Watlock, Mr. Sanger and Mr. Gutteres, superintendents, were at Killarney lately, making arrangements for carrying the wires from that town to Valentia, to join the Transatlantic cable. The wires will be erected to Valentia at once, and by the 10th of August the connection with Dublin will be completed. The Niagara and Agamemnon, with their respective portions of the cable, are expected to arrive at Queenstown in about a fortnight, and, if all goes on well, to be able to give something by telegraph from America towards the end of next month.—*Dublin Freeman.*

Kilkenny.

While E. Kelly, a member of our constabulary force, was on duty down the Canal walk, his attention was called to a sudden voice, as if a person had fallen into the water. On hastening to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, he discovered a man struggling in the water—and near the same place, he found three others lying in a state of intoxication on the sidewalk. At imminent hazard to himself, the constable in a most praiseworthy manner succeeded in rescuing the man from what would most likely have proved a watery grave. The name of the person thus rescued was William Mulholland, a corkcutter from Belfast, and the others were three Englishmen of the same trade, and who gave their names as W. Dolman, F. Thomas, and W. Miller. The whole of the parties were brought up before the Mayor, and were fined by his worship in the sum of 2s. 6d. each.—*Journal.*

The County Grand Jury were sworn in at 12 o'clock. The jury of the city assizes were also sworn in. They will be soon released from their duties, as there is not on record a single case for trial. The High Sheriff, J. Sullivan, Esq., is already preparing a pair of gloves to be presented to Judge Keogh, as is usual on such an occasion, and we do not doubt our maiden assizes will be witnessed with the utmost satisfaction by those of our citizens who may attend on this interesting occasion.

A mason named Mines, residing in Horse-barrack-lane, Kilkenny, was found dead in his bed by his family without having for some time previously complained of illness. He had been laboring under heart disease, for which he had been treated in hospital.

King's County.

MARY ROUNDTREE *vs.* LEE.—This was an action for breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff is a young woman, about 18 years of age; the defendant is represented as 25. They had been for many years courting, even from the time when the plaintiff was only 12 years of age. The wedding dress was bought and everything arranged for the ceremony when the defendant declared to the plaintiff's stepmother, who was her "next friend" in the action, that he could not marry her, inasmuch as his father had in his will prohibited him from marrying a Roman Catholic on the forfeiture of £200 a year. This will was not produced in evidence; and as to the defendant's circumstances it appeared that he had about 12 acres of land, and was in receipt of about £70 per annum as remuneration for services rendered as baronial collector and sub-agent of the Marquis of Drogheda. It further appeared that defendant offered to marry the plaintiff if she went to church for eight or nine days after the ceremony, but she refused to do so, and the match was broken off accordingly. He volunteered to give her £50 and said that she would "get a husband for it;" but she rejected it, and said she could not buy a husband in Monasterevan. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—£60 damages.

The Lord Chief Justice proceeded to pass sentence on Denis Grogan, who had been found guilty of having caused the death of the Rev. J. Alexander. The Lord Chief Justice said the prisoner had been found guilty of having sold, through negligence, a quantity of arsenic to the Rev. Dr. Alexander, since deceased. They could not have arrived at any other conclusion; the case was too plain; but he exonerated him from any intention of causing the death of the deceased. It appeared that he was a young man of good character, very sober and well conducted. The jury had recommended the prisoner to mercy, and he was glad to be furnished with a reason for passing a light sentence, but it should be one that would prevent others from falling into similar mistakes, and show them that they were bound to exercise due caution in vending and disposing of such a destructive material as arsenic. The sentence of the court was that he should be imprisoned for six months, one month of which had already expired.

Limerick.

The Mayor has received a letter from the Earl of Dunraven, who is now at Dunraven Castle, in Wales, stating that he is determined to be in Limerick, and take the part assigned him on the occasion of the inauguration of the O'Connell statue on the 15th of August. The most extensive preparations are making for the auspicious event. We believe that an application is about to be made to the several railway companies in connection with Limerick to afford facilities to the trades of Dublin, Waterford, Cork, Clonmel, Tipperary, Ennis, &c., &c., to be present, by enabling them to have tickets to and from at a moderate rate. We are glad to see Irishmen of all sorts of opinion joining in the present demonstration, and proving, on their part, the complete abatement of partizan bias or religious prejudice,

O'Connell's status, his exertions, his sacrifices, his genius thus vindicate themselves in the eye of the whole community, and Conservative and Liberal join in homage to the Irish Patriot who thundered for the freedom of mankind.—*Reporter.*

Two men named Kirwan and Leahy, who follow in Limerick the occupation of brokers, quarrelled regarding the purchase of a firkin of butter, when Kirwan, who is a powerfully strong man, gave his antagonist a kick in the abdomen, and from which he was so seriously injured that he died in a couple of hours afterwards.

Mr. Bianconi, with his usual liberality wherever the case of education and the poor is concerned, has given to the Rev. Dr. Coghlan, P.P., Abbeyfeale, at a mere nominal rent, a very commodious house for educational purposes—in Abbeyfeale a boon, for which pastor and people are grateful.

Mr. Michael Hartigan, of Cecil street, sold a meadowing by auction on Friday week, at Abbeyville, the property of Edw. White, Esq., at the high price of thirteen pounds seven shillings and nine pence per acre.

Louth.

The petition presented against the return of Mr. M'Cann for Drogheda will be prosecuted to the last. We are told that his Grace the Lord Primate will be summoned by the petitioner for examination, together with two or three of the Catholic clergy of Drogheda.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

Mayo.

James Casey, James Murphy, James Gildea, Michael Carney, and James Walsh, were placed in the dock and indicted, for that they, on the 7th of July last, did riotously assemble, and with other persons create a tumult, and attack one John Gannon in the town of Castlebar, and ill-treat him; a second count charged the prisoners with being guilty of an affray, and a separate indictment charged James Murphy and Michael Carney with having, at the same place and time, inflicted grievous bodily harm on John Gannon. Several other parties who stood out on bail, charged with similar offences, were called, but did not appear. Mr. Blakeney addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoners. A great number of witnesses were examined, who proved that Gannon's conduct during the day was of the most offensive nature, and that he courted an attack from the boys of the town. It was also proved that Casey, Walsh, and Gildea, took no part in the riot, although they happened to be present at the place where the principal disturbance had taken place, when Gannon had to fly for refuge to the forge. The jury found the two boys, Carney and Murphy, guilty, and acquitted the three other prisoners. Michael M'Hale, Patrick Holmes, John Jordan, Mark Kirwood, Honer Kilroy, Thomas Blewett, Catherine Culkeen, and Anne M'Hale, were indicted for a riot and an affray in the town of Killala, on the 7th of April last. It appeared that a Mr. Madden, of Ballycastle, had gone with several of his tenants to vote at the last election for Colonel Higgins in the town of Ballina. When he arrived at Killala he remained a short time till he got a fresh horse and car. On leaving the town he was attacked by a large mob of men, women, and children, who pelted him with stones. The police came to his rescue, and had to fix bayonets, and thus keep back the mob. The jury acquitted Michael M'Hale, and found the rest of the prisoners guilty of riot and affray. Thomas Cain, Joseph Hestion, Patrick M'Donnell, and John Burke, were indicted for the abduction of one Francis Sweeney, on the 5th of April last, and detaining him on an island in Newport Bay, so as to prevent him voting, as he intended, for G. H. Moore, at the last election for this county. Mr. Blakeney stated that on his recommendation they had agreed to plead guilty, and throw themselves on the mercy of the court. The persons convicted of offences during the assizes were called up for sentence. Michael Carney and James Murphy, found guilty of the assault on Gannon, were placed in the dock. Murphy was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and hard labor—Carney to two years' imprisonment and hard labor. Cane, Hestion, M'Donnell, and Burke, found guilty of the abduction of a voter who intended to vote for Moore and Palmer were sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

Sligo.

A bill of indictment was found by the Grand Jury against Mr. J. M'Gowan, Mayor; Messrs. Hugh Conlan and Joseph Foley, the Mayor's deputies, and Wm. Ward and John Bruen, poll clerks at the late election. The offence charged is a conspiracy to procure, by corrupt and fraudulent means, a fictitious majority of votes for Mr. John P. Somers at the late election. The indictment comprises seven counts, the first of which contains twenty-five over acts, alleged to have been committed in pursuance of the conspiracy. The remaining six counts are variations of the first. The indictment is of very considerable length, containing twenty two calf skins of parchment.—*Chronicle.*

In the House of Commons, Mr. Somers asked the Chief Secretary for Ireland if he had received any information respecting the recent trials at Sligo, arising out of the late election, and the systematic exclusion of all persons professing the Roman Catholic religion from the juries empanelled to try the parties accused of rioting. Mr. H. A. Herbert had not received any such information.

Tipperary.

The present condition of the county Tipperary, whether as regards the peaceable state of the county, or the prosperity of the people, is most satisfactory. The murders that disgraced its annals are now happily of rare occurrence, and the only dim cloud in the distance arises from the circumstance of men being canvassed very eagerly to enlist themselves in the ranks of some one of the unmeaning factions, such for instance as the "Three-year-olds" or "Five-year-olds," that, when they meet at fairs, fight for a name and not for any personal hostility. The harvest promises to be unusually productive and early, and the fields of bere and barley are already cut. There is no sign of the potato blight, and on every side the eye rests on fields waving with golden plenty, and a peasantry comfortable in appearance, and respectable in dress and general bearing.—*Saunders.*

Waterford.

The Grand Juries of Waterford county and city have adopted plans for an amalgamated prison, to be immediately erected at the cost of £21,000. The county pays two-thirds of the expenses, and the city one-third.

Sir Jamersee Jejeehhoy, the East India Baronet, has sent a donation of five guineas to the Waterford Mechanics' Institute.

There are to be amateur theatricals in Waterford during the period of the Royal Agricultural Society Show.

The Town Council are borrowing £2,000 to increase the supply of water.

ENGLAND.

Murder of two Children by their Father. — A melancholy catastrophe has occurred at Gloucester, a tradesman named George Meadows Morley having drowned himself and his two daughters—one fourteen, the other nine years old. An inquest was held on the bodies, when Charles Halford deposed that he dragged the Gloucester Canal and found the bodies of the father and youngest daughter in about nine feet water. They were linked together; the father had his left arm passed round his daughter's waist, and grasped her wrist with his left hand, while his right arm was curved, as though he had held the eldest daughter in the same manner as the youngest, but she had got from him. Shortly afterwards he found the body of the other daughter lying in the channel of the canal. Thomas Smith, a policeman, who was with Halford, gave it as his opinion that the father had jumped in with both his daughters, and that as the water was not over their heads, he must have held them down. Harriet Morley, the widow of the deceased, stated that the deceased was very much attached to his children. On Friday morning he proposed to take them for a walk, which he had not recently done. She heard no more of him, and did not hear of the finding of the bodies till Saturday morning. He had for some time been suffering from extreme depression of spirits, arising from disease of the chest. He had not attended to business for the last week, and she had watched him narrowly, fearing he would make some attempt on his life. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased drowned himself and his two children while laboring under temporary insanity.

The "Attractions" of Palmer's Execution.—At the York assizes the case of Mrs. Davis, the landlady of the Griffin Inn, Halifax, created a good deal of interest, as it was alleged that Palmer's executioner had been engaged by a previous tenant in June, 1856, to "attract" custom to the house. The action was brought against a person named Prest, on the ground of certain representations which were alleged to have been made in order to induce the plaintiff to become the tenant of the inn. The defendant's son-in-law stated that he had Palmer's executioner for a week to assist in waiting. He wore a white smockfrock, and parties came from Rochdale and other places to see him. It was no part of their bargain that the hangman should bring a piece of the true rope, and none was ever exhibited by him. On leaving defendant's house the hangman went to a public house at Bradford, he having a series of engagements in the provinces. (Laughter.) Mr. Athertonreplied, contending that the bringing of the executioner to the inn was the desperate expedient of a person who felt that he was not flourishing, and that there had been gross exaggerations in putting the weekly receipts at £24. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, £80.

Frightful Case.—A farmer named Pogson, and some others, were engaged in haymaking, in a field at Gelding, a village near Nottingham, when their attention was attracted by a "rumble" close by, in consequence of a peculiar stench which issued therefrom. Upon proceeding to the spot they observed the figure of a man hanging from the branch of an elm tree. At first, on account of its blackness, they mistook it for a scarecrow, but, upon a nearer examination, it proved to be the body of a man swarming with maggots, beetles, and flies, which could not be removed until wrapped round with hay bands. The body proved to be that of Thomas Burbage, a framework-knitter, of Nottingham, who had been missing since the 20th of June, and who had frequently said he would commit suicide, that he was tired of the world, and all that was in it, and that when he did destroy himself he would take care that his body was not easily found.

Curious Mistake at a Late Trial for Murder.—A curious mistake occurred at York assizes, in connection with the trial of Anne Edmundson, indicted for the wilful murder of her infant child at Calverley. The prisoner had engaged no counsel, but Mr. Price, at the request of the judge, defended her. On being called on to plead, the prisoner, who was overwhelmed with grief, sobbed the word "Guilty." She was indistinctly heard, and in a confused state, and her plea was taken as one of "not guilty." This was a most fortunate mistake for the prisoner, as instead of being condemned on her own confession she was placed on her trial, and the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Of course she has received the full benefit of the error, and though a self-confessed murderess, has escaped the legal penalty of her crime.

The Locomotive Hairdresser.—As the evening up train on the Newport, Abergavenny, and Hereford Railway neared the St. Devereux station, a man was observed to be lying close to the rail. The train was stopped as quickly as possible, but not until the engine had passed the man, whose head was lying so near the rail that the engine in passing had cut off a lock of his hair. It was found that the man was drunk, and had fallen asleep in this dangerous position, where he experienced literally a "hair-breadth escape."—*Cheltenham Examiner.*

Steam Competition.—Amongst the cargo brought home by the Brazilian mail packet Medway was a large quantity of coffee and cocoa from Brazil. This is the first time the packets have brought such a cargo.

Notice was given at Lloyd's that the government required a ship to carry four hundred male convicts from England to Freemantle, Western Australia. Perhaps a more remarkable set of convicts never left the country at one time than will go out in this ship. Amongst the four hundred will be found Sir John Dean Paul, Strahan, and Bates, the fraudulent bankers; Robson, the Crystal Palace forger; Redpath, who committed the forgeries on the Great Northern Railway Company; and Agar, the railway guard, who committed the great gold robbery on the South Eastern Railway. The notorious bank forger, Barrister Saward, *alias* Jem the Penman, also goes out in this ship, which will leave England on the 25th proximo, embarking the convicts, at Deptford, the Little Nore, Portsmouth, Portland, and Plymouth.

A magnificent MS. of the Sarum Antiphonar (*i.e.*, noted Breviary) is now in the possession of Mr. Toovey, of London, by whom it was purchased at the sale of the Earl of Shrewsbury's library, for the sum of £50 10s. It is perfect, and on the whole a finer exemplar than that in the cathedral library at Salisbury, which dated about 1450—this about 1475.

A letter has been addressed by Mr. John Bright to Mr. Fildes, a member of the Manchester Town Council, in which he says, "I am very much better in health than when I left England in November last; and I am sanguine that a longer period of leisure, and of absence from what is laborious or exciting, will enable me at no distant period to return to work."

Mr. J. F. Wright, the High Sheriff of Essex, escorted the judges at the late Chelmsford assizes to the door of the church at which their lordships attended divine service, but being a Roman Catholic declined to enter the sacred edifice with them. Divine service concluded, Mr. Wright again met their lordships at the Church-door, and proceeded with them to their lodgings.

It has been arranged that, instead of the punishment of seven years' transportation, as originally proposed in the Fraudulent Trustees Bill, now before parliament, the term of three years shall be adopted, and that this may be modified to fine or imprisonment for not more than two years, with or without hard labor.

Mrs. Bacon has confessed that, in addition to having murdered her children, she herself administered poison to her husband's mother, without her husband's knowledge.

SCOTLAND.

Fight Between Two Eagles.—A battle was fought in Noss between two large golden eagles, and so terrible was the fray and the desire for conquest between these kingly birds, that they ceased not in their onslaught till one of them was killed. This deadly assault is surmised to have occurred as follows: An eagle's nest was "harried" in the Island of Unst, and the male and female, after some days' despondency for the loss of their home, betook themselves to flight, leaving the scene and neighborhood of the despoilers. Coming to that far-famed aviary, Noss-head, they attempted to take violent possession of another bird's eyrie, and the eaglets, which, of course, was resisted by the occupant, and the intruder was so far chastised; but which of the two now lies in solemn state it is difficult to determine, as the belligerents were at the beginning of the tilting very similar in plumage and size.

Madeline Smith.—A tradesman in Berwick, having a correspondent in Glasgow, wrote there to inquire whether the report he had heard was true to the effect that it was proposed to raise by subscription the sum of £2,000 to be presented to this unfortunate girl as an expression of public sympathy. He has received, in reply, the information that a subscription is intended to be made, but it is not limited to any sum, and is as likely to be £10,000 as less. That an address is about to be presented to her father wherein the tradesmen of Glasgow will express their esteem for him as a neighbor and sympathy for his family under their present affliction, and a hope that he will forego the intention of expatriating himself on account of an occurrence which reflects no discredit on him.

As the first train from the south was coming on to Dumfries, an axle of one of the carriages broke on the north side of Ruthwell. The carriage fell down on the line, and there was a dreadful concussion. Three passengers were injured but fortunately no lives lost.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

July 5, at the Church of St. Andrew, Westland-row Dublin, by the Rev. Cannon Lynch, Bridget Mary, second daughter of the late Mr. James Clarke, of Townsend street, to Mr. M. Larkin, of Dublin.

July 16, in St. Peter's Church, Joshua Pim, Esq., barrister-at-law, Upper Merrion street, son of late John Pim, Esq., J.P., New Park, county Kildare, to Susanna Maria, youngest daughter of the late T. B. Middleton, Esq., of Upper Camden street.

July 17, in St. Peter's Church, William Jamieson, Esq., Cootehill, county of Cavan, to Elizabeth, relict of the late William Gore, Esq., of Moyola, county Derry.

July 18, at St. Thomas's Church, Charles Bushe Hearn, surgeon 1st Royals, to Alicia A. Crawford, widow of the late Judge Crawford, of Adelaide, South Australia.

July 21, at St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. W. C. Greene, Alfred M'Farland, Esq., judge, West Australia, to Janetta, fourth daughter of Captain Richard Jeffreys, barrackmaster Portobello district.

July 22, at St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. William Greene, John D'Arcy Evans, Esq., son of the late James D'Arcy Evans, of Knockaderry, in the county of Limerick, Esq., to Maria, daughter of the late William Wallace, of Great Denmark street.

July 16, in Ardee, Major Gustavus Hume, of the 38th regiment, to Ellen Caroline, daughter of Charles Vernon, Esq., of Lower Mount street, Dublin.

July 9th, in the Wesleyan Chapel, Omagh, the Rev. James Donnelly, of Londonderry, to Matilda, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Corrigan, of Moss-spring, county Armagh.

July 19, at St. Mary's Catholic Cathedral, Kilkenny, by the Rev. Edward Walsh, Mr. Joseph Purcell, High street, to Bride, third daughter of Thomas Hewitson, Esq., T.C., Rose Inn street.

July 22, Andrew Nash, Esq., Bridge street, Southwark, London, to Eliza, daughter of William Murray, Esq., Palmyra Lodge, Richmond, county Dublin.

July 14, at Monea, Robert Weir, Esq., eldest son of the late John Weir, Esq., of Hall Creig, to Wilhelmina, daughter of the late John Brien, Esq., of Castletown, county Fermanagh.

July 17, at Rathmullen, William Ewart, Esq., of Glenbank, Belfast, to Maria, relict of John Wilcocks Eves, Esq., of Armagh.

DEATHS.

July 19, at Paris, Wm. Hodgens, Esq., of Newtown House, Blackrock, county Dublin.

July 13, Catherine Maria, daughter of the late Hon. Robert Johnston, formerly one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas.

July 15, in Dublin, the Rev. Wm. A. Dawson, son of the late Henry Dawson, Esq., of Drummarlin Castle, Dundrum, county Dublin.

July 18, at 4 Victoria-terrace, North Circular road, Samuel Thompson, Esq.

July 20, at Grangegorman, aged 18 years, Thomas Joseph, son of Thomas L. Synnott, Esq.

July 16, at Gurranekeagh, Kilmallock, Catherine, daughter of John O'Donnell, Esq.

July 18, at Fernans, Queen's Co., Mrs. Mary Fleming, aged 98 years, mother of the late Rev. Michael Fleming, of Kingstown parish, and of the Rev. P. Fleming, Bray.

July 17, at the Knoll, county Meath, at an advanced age, Miss Anne Maguire.

July 21, at Rahood, county Meath, Colonel Alexander Cruise, J.P.

July 19, in Wicklow, Eaton C. Halpin, Esq., solicitor.

At Milltown, county Kerry, Robert Eager, Esq., brother of the late Major Eager, of the 31st regiment.

July 17, at Llandudno, North Wales, Richard Bayley B. Houston, Esq., of Orangefield, county Down.

July 14, at Bayswater, near London, aged 83 years, Mary Lawless, only surviving daughter of John Lawless, Esq., formerly of Shankhill Castle, county Dublin, and sister of the late General Lawless.

July 18, at Weymouth, aged 72 years, Dowager Lady Steele, relict of Sir Richard Steele, Bart., and youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Count D'Alton.

At Gatcome House, Isle of Wight, Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Dermott Daly, late of the 4th Light Dragoons.

HOME MISCELLANY.

A Fair Hit.—Chicago swarms with real estate agents, who are building up fortunes by speculation in their line. These gentlemen keep horses and carriages, and are ever ready to convey their customers in pursuit of lots about the city which they have for sale. A good trick was played on one of these urbane gentlemen, by one of Uncle Sam's own sons from the east. Hearing of the exceeding politeness of these men, Jonathan made application at one of the offices to be shown about the town, as he was desirous of making a purchase of a city lot. The carriage was soon in readiness, and the twain, Jonathan and the agent, were soon whisking about at a fearful rate. One lot was shown, another and another, none of which, in Jonathan's own words, "proved to be just the thing," and finally having failed to negotiate with his customer, the worthy "agent" took a turn, and driving up into the more business part of the city, exhibited a fine large corner lot. With this Jonathan affected to be much pleased and exclaimed: "This will do. And now neighbor," continued he, "how will you sell me this ?" "That," replied the speculator, "is worth one thousand dollars per foot." Jonathan eyed it admiringly for a few moments, and then said coolly: "Well, neighbor, I have got five hundred and you may just make me out a deed for *six inches of it*." It is needless to remark that the speculator took a sudden departure, aware that he had been sold.

Artificial Girls.—The adventurous editor of the Horicon, Wis., *Argus*, "lets on" about the girls of the present day, in a manner we think it would be dangerous for editors generally to imitate. Accordingly we extract but a single paragraph. He says: "We are sorry to see the girls of the present day have such a tendency to utter worthlessness: growing up anxious to become more fashionable than good, more anxious to cultivate their heels than their heads, and to encircle their legs with whalebone rather than the brow with wreaths of love, kindness, and beauty. As a general thing, those who are handsome think they are lovely. When we, years gone, took one to be Mrs. P., girls were girls. It was fun to go a dozen miles afoot with mud knee deep to see them, as you were sure to find nature instead of art. But now it is different. The dentist supplies the teeth, 'Uncle Ned' the cotton, some optician the eyes, and a skilful mechanic the legs and arms; an artist furnishes paint, a Yankee the hoops, some 'French milliner,' gets up artificial maternal founts, and the very devil robs himself to give them a disposition to lie, tattle, gossip, make mischief and kick up all sorts of bobberies among respectable people generally."

Fires and High Rents.—The total amount of property destroyed in the United States in 1855 was estimated at $18,000,000; in 1856 at $27,000,000. This was a wonderful progress—in the wrong direction; and it was high time to check it. Had this sum of $27,000,000 not been absorbed in the reconstruction of demolished buildings, some 27,000 new ones, for the accommodation of an equal number of families, might have been erected for it, which would have been a very considerable addition to our national wealth; while the mere replacing of what was there before, was no actual gain. Were the immense sums annually spent for such purposes devoted to new enterprizes, it would obviate the necessity of crowding, in violation of sanitary laws and moral considerations, localities already too densely inhabited. The boundaries of our cities and towns could be extended—their outskirts improved, and their central districts relieved from the incubus of a surplus population,—a positive gain in point of comfort. Fortunes lost by failure in business only change hands; they are not lost to the nation. But what is destroyed by fire is a dead loss. A conflagration is an ill wind which blows nobody good.

Crinoline in Court—A Lady Arrested and Fined for Obstructing the Sidewalks.—One of the most extraordinary cases ever brought before a legal tribunal was witnessed in the Police Court, Boston, lately. An officer complained of a young and remarkably handsome lady for obstructing the sidewalks of Washington street by too great a display of crinoline. As it is understood that the lady is highly connected we will call her Mary Smith, and not expose her true name. The officer said that he had requested the prisoner two or three times not to stop on the sidewalk, as people were unable to pass without going into the street, which at times was inconvenient to ladies wearing paper-soled shoes, owing to the outrageous manner in which the thoroughfares were watered. The court, in summing up, said that the evil was one of great magnitude, and should be checked by vigorous measures. There was no statute under which too great a display of crinoline came, but he should take the responsibility of inflicting a fine of $5 and costs, and he hoped that it would be a warning. The fine was promptly paid and Miss Smith was discharged.

Breech-Loading Rifles.—A board of army officers is to assemble at West Point, New York, for the purpose of making trials of breech-loading rifles, with a view to ascertain which arm of this description is best suited to the military service. The trials will commence on the 17th of August, 1857. Persons intending to offer arms for trial are requested to notify the Colonel of Ordnance, in Washington, giving a general description of the arm each may intend to present, and specifying the calibre, weight, and length of barrel. Cartridges or other ammunition suitable for the arm should be brought with it.

The Oldest Man.—A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican*, writing from Elwood, K. T., says: "One who lives on his claim near the edge of this city is perhaps the oldest man in America. If not, I will venture a small wager that he is the most active of his age. He is Mr. James O'Toole. He was born in the county of Donegal, in the north of Ireland, somewhere about the year 1730. He was an old man in the Irish rebellion of 1798, when, becoming implicated with Lord Fitzgerald, he fled his country to seek freedom in our then young Republic. His life has been checkered with many changes. He has been tossed about among various scenes and by many diverse circumstances. He moved to St. Louis thirty years ago, and established the first brewery there. He moved to the Platte Purchase in 1838, and lived in Buchanan County, near Bloomington, until two years ago, when he came to Kansas and made a pre-emption, and he can now walk eight or ten miles with ease to visit his friends or attend to business affairs. He says his age is about one hundred and twenty-five years."

A Sensible Bird.—A tame crow in the possession of Mr. L. P. Culver, says the *Sparta Georgian*, evinces quite a hatred to gentlemen of his color. We saw his master call him and tell him to fight the little negroes, he instantly obeyed with much ferocity, striking his rapacious bill into their naked feet and ankles until the little fellows cried outright. He is quite an aristocrat, desires to live and roost in the big house with white people, and treats white children with much more respect than the darkies. When whipped for any misdemeanor, instead of flying away as he might, he crouches, raising his wings in an imploring attitude, and sets up a most piteous chattering, as if very penitent. When he has a surplus of food he flies off with it to some secluded place and covers it with chips. We always thought the crow a smart bird, but now know the fact. A bird tamer might make a perfect prodigy of the one we saw, and we suppose him to be but a fair specimen of the genus.

Precocity.—A couple of young sprouts of American blood made their appearance before a Detroit Justice lately, and requested to be united in the holy bands of matrimony. Their ages were about twelve and fourteen. They claimed a right to demand a performance of the ceremony—the young man twirling a ten-spot around his finger with much nonchalance. The young lady holding up her hand swore soundly that she was "over fourteen," when in walked the paternal ancestors of the young hopefuls, and a general disconcertion of their plans followed. They were about being led off by the ears to their mammas, when Justice Purdy requested the young lady to explain how she dared to take the oath that she had just taken, which he knew must be false. Nothing disconcerted, she stooped down, and unlacing a little gaiter, *drew out a piece of paper on which was written the word "fourteen."* On the strength of this she had sworn that she was *over* "fourteen."

A German in the Northwest.—Dr. J. G. Kohl, well known as a German traveller and writer of books of travel, has published, through the Appletons of New York, in the German language, the observations of a tour made in the Northwest of the United States in 1855. As he writes agreeably, and in a much more favorable tone than is usually adopted by foreigners sketching our manners, towns, and customs, no doubt his work will be speedily translated. He is very observant, describes well, of a genial tone, and does not lose the practical to dance on the tight-rope of the poetical. He is not a little impressed with the marvellous growth of the Western country. The rapidity with which cherry-trees spring up in Germany cannot afford him a simile for the rapidity with which State after State starts up. "The prairies and marshes are changed, as if by magic, into gardens and cultivated fields; and woods, and even mountains, disappear as if by enchantment."

Mexican Army and Navy.—According to a statement printed at the capital, the regular army of the Republic consists of ten battalions of infantry, six squadrons of cavalry, and several light divisions. This is exclusive of the volunteer companies and militia of the several States. The Mexican navy consists of but nine or ten vessels, mounting in all probably but thirty-five or forty guns. It has never been the policy of the Republic, nor has it, indeed, had the means, to keep up a large standing army or navy; and its defence now against the expected invasion, if that ever takes place, must be found in the well-known fortresses of the sea-coast, and the courage and patriotism of its citizens.

Boy Lost and Found.—The *Lawrence Sentinel* tells the story of a little boy, four years of age, son of John Geron, in that city, who took the cars, unknown to any of his friends, for Lowell, with the idea that he was going to visit his Aunt Mary, in Salem, N. H. Arriving at the depot in Lowell, and not knowing where he was, he began to cry. He was noticed by two little girls, who took him to the city crier. The city crier took care of him till the next morning, when he started with him for Lawrence, and restored him to his anxious parents, who had searched in vain for him throughout the city, and had sent messengers for him to Methuen, Andover, and elsewhere.

Suicide.—A young man named Finch has hanged himself in Iowa from remorse at having assisted in the hanging of the horse-thieves. Finch was the son of a deacon, and his suicide followed hard upon a rebuke from his mother, who very properly warned him that he had no right to take the life of another.

A Kentucky Girl.—When the steamer Alida was sinking from her collision with the Fashion, and the passengers in confusion, preparing to secure a safe retreat from the sinking craft, a young girl of about seventeen summers was standing on the guard, intently contemplating the scene, and looking anxiously towards the shore. A young man, in the rush of gallantry, stepped up to her, and remarked, "Miss, if you will put yourself under my protection, I will convey you safely to shore." "Thank you," replied the young heroine, "but you need not trouble yourself; I am only waiting for the crowd to get out of the way, when I can take care of myself and reach the bank." Soon the crowd cleared the space, and the young lady plunged into the water, and swam to the opposite bank with apparent ease, and without the least perceptible fear.

A Jewish Superstition.—A brother of Isaac Jackson, the man who was murdered by Charles E. Jones, at Russell, was peddling in the wagon that Isaac drove when shot, a few weeks since, and stopped at a village in this vicinity. In the course of showing his wares, he discovered upon a piece of goods a single drop of blood. Overcome by his feelings, the poor fellow cried for a moment like a child, then he folded up the cloth, and said that he must go immediately to Hartford, take up the body of the murdered man, and bury the blood-besprinkled article with him; that by Jewish forms all bloody garments or other clothes must be interred with a murdered man, and that all that they had previously noticed had been.—*Springfield Republican.*

A Successful Surgical Operation.—A boy in this vicinity fell from a tree with an open penknife in his hand. He struck in such a manner as to force the blade through his ear into his head. The blade broke off, leaving an inch and a quarter of its length buried out of sight in the substance of the head. The blade eventually passed into the brain. An application to several eminent surgeons in New York and elsewhere failed to bring relief. The case was at last brought to the attention of Dr. Middleton Goldsmith, of Castleton Medical College, who succeeded in removing the blade. After the removal the brain could be distinctly felt at the bottom of the cavity. The hearing, which had been impaired, was entirely restored, and the boy is now as good as new.—*Middlebury Bee.*

A Minister Shot at.—As Rev. Wm. P. Merrill of Biddeford, Me., was returning home from Wells, a few evenings since, two men jumped from the woods and endeavored to seize his horse by the bridle, and failing to do this one of them fired a pistol at him. On examining his hat after arriving home, Mr. Merrill found that a ball had passed through its upper part, near the top of the crown, and near where the top of his head must have been. Mr. Merrill was in a buggy wagon, and he probably owes his escape to the fleetness of his horse. Nothing was said by the men, and Mr. Merrill does not know whether it was their object to rob or murder him. His escape was a narrow and a providential one.

Compensated Emancipation.—Some years ago Mr. Webster avowed his willingness to vote $900,000,000, more or less, to the purchase and emancipation of all the slaves in the South. He regarded that as the only permanent remedy for the slavery agitation. Elihu Burritt has published a paper on the equity and expediency of this plan of Compensated Emancipation, as he terms it, and gives notice of a convention to be held some time next month, to carry the scheme into execution. The call for such a convention, he says, has already been extensively signed by all classes in all the States, including the hundred respectable citizens of Delaware.

How to Break a Cow of Sucking Herself.—Take a stick some two or three inches in diameter, and from two and a half to four and a half feet long—the length depends on the size of the cow—the larger the cow the longer the stick. Make a mortice an inch and a half or two inches wide in each end, and put the stick between the cows fore legs, and buckle a strap that is passed through the mortice in the stick just behind her fore legs, and fasten the other end of the stick in the same manner around her neck. Neither of the straps need be buckled very tight.

A Woman as is a Woman.—There resides in Hollidaysburg a lady whom all our readers must admit to be a full woman, entire and complete, independent of cotton, crinoline hoops, or any such shams. She weighs *only* 286 pounds—is 37 years of age—has been 16 years married, and has 18 children?—having borne twins twice. She is in fine health, strong in proportion to her weight, and can carry a cargo upon her head that would break down the shoulders of half the men we meet. She is a native of Wales.

Sun Stroke.—This is the season for *coup de soleil*, or sun stroke. A cotemporary recommends to laborers in the sun the employment of coarse palm leaf hats, with a moist sponge in the top. We believe that very nearly as efficient protection may be obtained by filling the top of the hat with cotton, as is practised in some localities. No one was ever known to be affected with these fits who wore a thick hat of cotton over his head.

Getting to Press too Early.—An amusing incident took place at the public speaking of the congressional candidates in Hickman, Kentucky. The editor of the *Times* published an account of the speeches, and how Grimes, his favorite, had used Burnett up, some three hours before the speaking commenced! Unfortunately for him, Burnett got a copy of the paper, and was cruel enough to read it to his audience.

Result of Good Conduct.—There lives in affluence at Nantucket, in the eightieth year of his age, and in the full possession of a sound intellect, a retired whaling captain, the keel of whose ship never touched the bottom—who was never at sea a day without going aloft, except in a gale of wind—who never lost a man by abandonment or otherwise, or had one off of duty more than a week by sickness—who never lost but one spar, though distinguished for making short passages—who never returned from a voyage without a full cargo of sperm oil. He had sixteen apprentices, mostly uneducated boys from the lower walks of life, whom he instructed and trained to his own calling, every one of these he has lived to see in respectable standing, and several of them holding high rank as ship-masters.

Romance Spoiled.—The Waterford (N. Y.) *Sentinel* recently announced that some one has discovered a new attraction near Saratoga, in a little lake which lies embosomed in the woods a short distance from the Springs, and that the fact that it is not known to most of the resident citizens, it had been christened "Lake Lonely," by a lady who visited it on the Fourth, in company with a pic-nic party. The Saratoga *News* sets down the romance as all nonsense, it being nothing more than what was known on the maps for years as "Owl Pond," and by the boys as "Little Lake."

Lafayette's Birth Day.—The suggestion of the *Alta Californian* that the sixth of September should be formally observed throughout the United States, as a national holiday, as Lafayette was born on the 6th of September, 1757, and on that day will be completed a century since his birth, meets much approval, the only wish being that it had been made earlier, and that measures had been taken to get up such a celebration as would have been worthy of the liberal and high-minded Frenchman's name and memory.

Remedy for Bloated Cattle.—Mr. A. Cornwall, of Penfield, N. Y., had a yearling heifer so badly bloated from eating clover that she could not walk. Remembering that he had heard of tar as a remedy, he applied a small quantity to the root of the tongue—making three applications at intervals of a minute or two. The animal recovered and chewed her cud in a few hours. A remedy which is so simple and effectual should be generally known. We, therefore, give it publicity as being both useful and seasonable.

A Bad Fix.—A few days since, a man returned to Lowell after four years' absence in Australia, to find his wife in the possession of another husband—and a "little child" to occupy their attention. The wife justifies her second marriage on the ground that she supposed her first husband to be dead; but, as he has turned up again, she is inclined to go back to him. The second, however, unable to retain the woman, has taken possession of the child—and intends to keep it. The other parties have commenced legal proceedings for its recovery.

Relics of Gen. Washington.—S. H. Gover, Esq., sold at Baltimore recently the cane and spy-glass formerly belonging to Gen. Washington, for the sum of $205. They were purchased by Col. John S. Gittings, who intends presenting them to the Hon. Edward Everett, A citizen of Washington—Capt. Crutchett—ignorant of the intentions of other gentlemen, made a bid of $200; and subsequent to the sale offered $500 for the articles. He was then informed of the purpose of the purchaser.

Prairie Chickens.—The period during which the shooting of prairie chickens is prohibited by the game law is at an end. So we may look for an abundance of this delicious fowl in our markets. In many localities, however, they are not sufficiently grown, owing to the backward season, but in number equal, if they do not exceed, the product of any former season. This is owing to the salutary effects of the game law, which we are pleased to know has been very generally and willingly observed.

Ex-President Van Buren.—The now aged, but yet scarcely venerable Van Buren, was at Mr. Marcy's funeral, with his old bright, healthy look, and smiling as ever. He does not show over sixty, and his hair is no whiter than it has been for twenty-five years. He walked in vigor from the capitol after the ceremonies were over, to take the cars at the river for his home in Kinderhook. To-day he looks younger even than ex-President Pierce, with whom, side by side, he entered the assembly chamber.

The Crime Epidemic.—Our exchanges come to us filled with accounts of the most revolting murders. Every means the ingenuity of man can think of are used to carry into execution the malignant purpose of some fiend in human shape, either by assassination, poison, fire, or strangulation. We could fill our paper daily with the records of crime, which now seems to be extending over the whole country, like a terrific epidemic.—*Washington Paper.*

"Peter Parley."—S. G. Goodrich is called by the London *Examiner* "the very prosiest and dullest man who ever labored under the delusion that his mission, of all things in the world, is to amuse children." The sagacious critic says, "his idea of a child's book, is a book which, of malice aforethought, stuns or cripples a child's fancy."

The Post Office Department.—The Postmaster-General will soon establish in New York and Boston the London and Paris system of branch post offices. Should the plan be satisfactory after a year's trial, it will be applied to all the large cities of the Union. The department thinks the overland route to California will be in operation within twelve months.

NEW DISCOVERY OF GUANO.—The California papers contain accounts of the successful exploration of the new guano island Elede, on the coast of Lower California. A cargo of one hundred and twenty tons was recently brought to San Francisco, and is said to be equal in quality to Peruvian guano. The island was sold by Mexico to American citizens some time ago. The property is in Americans, but the sovereignty of the island is in Mexico. A dispute appears to have arisen among Americans as to the right to the precious deposits, and some of the parties have already come to blows.

MORMON NEWSPAPERS—The Mormons, beside their papers published in Utah, have the *Mormon*, published in the city of New York; the *Western Standard*, San Francisco, California; the *Millenial Star*, Liverpool, England; *Zion's Trumpet*, Wales; the *Scandinavian Star*, Copenhagen, Denmark; *Zion's Watchman*, Australia; and the *Truthteller*, Geneva, Switzerland. They have missionaries in France, Germany, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Gibraltar, Cape of Good Hope, East Indies, and China.

MARINE DISASTERS.—The marine disasters for July are as follow: five ships, two barques, three brigs, and eleven schooners—the total value amounting to about $1,000,000. The number of vessels was not as large as the previous month, yet the value of the property lost is in excess of June about $180,000. The loss of one vessel alone, the ship Samuel Willets, reached $350,000; and another, the ship Carrack, burnt at sea, $230,000.

A REGULAR BLOW UP.—A colored woman, residing in Baltimore, Maryland, while cooking dinner, used for one of the supports of the kettle, an old bombshell which was not known to contain any powder. Soon, however, a loud explosion took place, sending the dinner and cooking utensils sky high, and shattering the woman's left hand very badly.

WHY ARE THE IRISH DEMOCRATS?—In reply to this question, the Washington *"Union* says, "the natural impulses of the Irish are liberal and benevolent, and honest, and these constitute the great elements of Democracy. A person whose soul is full of those elementary impulses cannot well be anything but a Democrat."

FLOUR CONTRACT.—The Louisville (Ky.) *Courier* states that a contract has been made to deliver 1,000 barrels of flour in that city next March for $4 50 per barrel.

A copper kettle has been found near Ottawa, Ill., 17 feet below the surface, firmly imbedded in a coal vein, and has been exhibited to the citizens of Ottawa. The kettle is one capable of holding about ten gallons. When found it was bottom side up, with coal firmly above and below it, without anything to fill the vacant space in it. Mr. Brady, the minor who discovered it, struck his pick through the bottom before he saw it, and says the surface of the coal bore the same appearance over it as it did in other places. Age has succeeded in corroding it so that the bottom is eaten through, as well as the sides, in many places. This kettle was found on Buffalo Rock, on the Illinois river. Some of our citizens think it was brought there by some of the early French Missionaries, over 200 years ago, others give it a much earlier date.

C. Chauncey Burr has become agent for Lola Montez. Lola and C. Chauncey are a precious and fitting pair. When we first saw C. Chauncey Burr, he was the *Reverend* C. C. Burr, the pastor of the Callowhill Street Universalist Church in Philadelphia. Next we found him editing a Democratic paper in New York, and abusing Frank Pierce as not being true enough to the South. A great national man was he, and much down on the Know-Nothings. Next, and with hardly an interval, we found him figuring as a big Know-Nothing and Abolitionist. *That* don't seem to have paid, and now the *Rev.* gentleman and the not very *Reverend* Lola Montez have entered into a *partnership*. Things are queer sometimes, and they keep getting queerer as you go on.—*Wilmington Journal.*

The Agricultural Society of Hampden County, Mass., have purchased a splendid meadow of near one hundred acres, on the bank of the river just above the centre of Springfield, and are making it into a grand Agricultural Park, with a Course, for the display of horses, one mile in length. The investment in the ground, fences and course will be about $20,000—it is to have another great National Horse Show, occupying a whole week. The town will give $3,000 for premiums and receive $30,000 spent by the visitors.

A lad picking raspberries in the town of Chemung, N. Y., heard a strange noise in the bushes, and an infant was soon found, whose father, it was ascertained, was a married man, named H. B. Rogers, and that its mother—a Miss Hoover—together with its grandmother, had placed the helpless infant in the woods, where they supposed it would die, and thus hide the shame of the parents. The child was returned from the poorhouse, and the father held for its support. All the parties connected with the disgraceful affair are members of the Baptist Church.

Paul Curtis, Esq., one of the most successful ship-builders at Boston, has concluded a contract to build a steamer of 720 tons for the Russian government. She is to be built of the very best material, and we have no doubt that she will add to the high reputation of her builder, and reflect credit upon the mechanics of East Boston.

The watering places, one and all, are dull. The reason is, there are too many of them and their prices are too high. The country farm houses take the lead this year as desirable places to rusticate.

Fillibuster Walker has notified his officers—who appear to have no visible means of support—that he will require their services at an early day, for an effort to piratize some part of Central America. In the meantime private benevolence and the public hospital of New York are both taxed to preserve from death and starvation the squalid and diseased victims of Walker's great Central American Humbug. At some recent gathering in a southern city, Walker stated that he was entitled to aid and comfort from Southerners because he sought to open up anew the institution of slavery in the country of which he once held possession, and he encouraged those present to believe that he would again rule over Nicaragua. *Vive la humbug!*

Twelve months ago information was sent to Albany, by the Mayor of Toledo, that Dr. C. C. Griffin, of Albany, had died suddenly at that place among entire strangers, and in straightened circumstances. One of the Toledo papers, which is conducted by Riley & Co., in commenting upon his death, said that he had left Albany, and travelled as far west as Toledo, in search of his wife, who had eloped with a distant relative. Mrs. Griffin, seeing this statement, instituted an action for libel against the proprietors of the paper, and the result is that she has recovered damages to the amount of $1,712 50 against them.

Willliam Walker is the name of the Mormon Elder who denies baptizing half a dozen Holyoke (Mass.) girls by moonlight. He is an Englishman, and is almost as handsome as Mr. Spurgeon, the fancy preacher. He has seen the elephant in Utah, and is now doing a pretty fair business in Mormonism in Greenfield and adjacent towns, many of the Scotch factory girls being members of the church. The laws of Massachusetts, though, do not allow the Elder to have more than one wife, but the ingenious Elder gets over this "disability" by having the wife without the "marrying."

Some wag of Cumberland, Maryland, circulated through the city the report that, on the 4th ult., Professor Culex would perform the wonderful feat of walking on the water! It is estimated that there were between two and three thousand persons present to witness the wonderful performance. As the time appointed passed, and still no Professor Culex was to be seen, the people became impatient; about this time it was whispered around that Culex was the Latin word for mosquito, when the truth flashed upon thetr minds that they had all been "sold."

A letter was received in New Orleans, directed to "the biggest fool in New Orleans." The Postmaster was absent, and on his return, one of the young clerks in the office informed him of the receipt of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the Postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who was the biggest fool in New Orleans, and so I *opened the letter myself*." "And what did you find in it?" inquired the Postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "nothing but the words, *'thou art the man!'*"

Five years ago there were not half a dozen white men within twenty miles of Superior City, a town at the western end of Lake Superior. Now its population is 1,500, being a gain of 900 on the population of last year. The town site was purchased by speculators, who thought its natural advantages gave promise of great future. The company purchased six thousand acres, and the shares which originally cost $1,250 have been subdivided into small parts and are held at enormous prices.

John Rohner, Esq., editor of the Evansville (Ind.) *Volksbote*, died on the 23d ult. He was born in 1811, at Walfalton, in the county of Appencell, Switzerland, and was a publisher of a newspaper for a number of years before he came to this country, in the year 1847. After his arrival here he published a paper at Louisville, Ky., for a few years, called the "*Bote am Ohio.*" In 1850 he removed to Evansville, where he has been engaged in the publication of the *Volksbote* until his death.

A trader in Boston, says the Charleston *Advertiser*, named Buffum, swam from Worthen's bathing establishment, on Medford street, in that city, across the Mystic river to the Chelsea shore, a distance of one mile and a quarter, and after resting himself, swam back to the starting point. The feat is somewhat remarkable when it is taken into consideration that the swimmer has attained the age of seventy-five years.

The powder mill belonging to George Mathewson, at New Durham, N. H., blew up lately killing two young men named Joseph Edgerly and Moses Wentworth. The body of one was blown fifty feet from the building, and that of the other thirty feet, and both were much mutilated. It is supposed there were about thirty kegs of powder in the mill when the explosion occurred.

Mons. Godard went up from Philadelphia lately, with a Jackass appended to his balloon. Jack, in being lifted from the earth, looked eagerly around, first at the upturned faces of the crowd, then at the roofs of the houses, and finally finding all things else melting from view, he turned his exclusive attention to the inflated mass above him. He was no doubt astonished, if ever a donkey was in this world.

Mr. D. G. Sperry, in South Windsor, Ct., observing signs of rain, and fearing his hay would get wet, turned out with his men and got it in from the meadow. For this all the men were arrested; but the justice decided that there was no law to prevent them from saving their property on the Sabbath.

A young woman, daughter of a clergyman, has set up a claim to the authorship of "Nothing to Wear." She says she wrote part of it a year ago, and lost the sheet of paper on which it was written in the street! The story in our judgment ought not to be credited, until it is established by some collateral testimony. No man is safe in his reputation as an author, if the public are willing to admit the mere word of an unknown girl, as sufficient proof that she is the author of anything to which she may happen to make a claim. This is the third case within a year that has come to our notice, where two women have claimed to be the writers of other people's compositions.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The *Crayon*, in noticing the doings of American artists in Rome, says: "Among the sculptors Bartholemew is engaged on a statue of Washington, for the city of Baltimore; it is still unfinished, but it promises well. Rogers is closely occupied with the models for the bronze doors for the Capitol extension; it will be six months or more before they are ready for casting. This important work will add greatly to his reputation."

Horace Smith, whilst at work in his hay field in the western part of Bethleham, N. H., was struck by lightning. He lay, for more than an hour, upon his back, exposed to a drenching rain, which had probably the effect to resuscitate him. He was badly burned, and his clothes also torn. A rake which he had in his hand was split into more than a hundred pieces.

Notwitstanding the efforts of some of the Minnesota journals to conceal or discredit the extent of the ravages of the grasshoppers in the territory during the present summer, from an apprehension that settlers might be deterred from migrating thither if the truth were known, it is certain that an immense area of growing crops have been devastated by them.

A young lady in Dayton, in Ohio, came very near losing her life in consequence of the extraction of a tooth. The removal of the molar severed an artery, and the profuse bleeding continued, interrupted by but short intervals, for nearly two days. It was finally checked, but not until she had lost between one and two gallons of blood.

After a funeral in Boston, according to the *Post*, a husband who had followed his departed wife to her "last abode" returned to his saddened domicile to receive visits of condolence from sympathizing friends. "Well, how do you feel now?" asked one. "Better—somewhat better!" was the reply—"this little promenade has done me good!"

Jones, the Millerite preacher, who was recently committed to jail in Springfield, Massachusetts, for murdering the young pedlar, attempted an escape by opening the locks with a crooked wire. On coming into the yard a trusty dog made for Jones and seized him; he was soon locked up again to answer his misdeeds.

The Ottawa tribe of Indians in Kansas concluded a treaty with the commissioner of Indian affairs, at Washington, July 30th, by which they agree to an equitable distribution of their lands among themselves. Provision is also made for their recognition as citizens, after the ratification of the treaty by the Senate.

Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, has returned home from a buffalo hunt beyond the Big Sioux River, in Dacotah territory. He spent the Fourth with Col. Noble's wagon road expedition, at Hole-in-the-Mountain, where he delivered an address, and his auditors kept up the honored custom of burning gunpowder, &c.

The Auburn *Advertiser* says that a few nights since, about the hour of 12 o'clock, a beautiful dove entered through the grated window into the Hospital of the State Prison, and perched upon the bed of one of the patients. It has since remained in the room, and seems contented and happy.

In Cincinnati, recently, the daughter of a wealthy citizen first procured the appointment of a needy young man as secretary to her father, and then, when her parents went to Newport, she stayed behind on some plausible excuse, went off with the young fellow and was married.

George Peabody, the rich London Banker, has given away, during his visit to this country, which has lasted for about a year, about half a million of dollars; yet such is the extent of his business in England that his income during the same period has exceeded this amount.

A Mr. Rowe, of Lancaster, Pa., has obtained letters patent for a newly discovered process preserving green corn. It consists in removing the pith from the cob while yet green, and then drying the ear. Corn thus preserved is said to retain all its peculiar sweetness.

A man named Drury Vaughn, living at Lavergne, Rutherford County, Tennessee, a few days since, killed his little boy, aged four or five years, by striking him on the head with an iron poker, the sharp point penetrating his brain three or four inches.

The "Model Lady" goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband and flirts with his "friend;" eats ham and eggs in private, and dines on a pigeon's leg in public; and when asked the age of her youngest child replies—"Don't know, indeed."

President Buchanan has sent a check for $50 to the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association, to aid in the purchase of the "Home and Grave of Washington."

In New Jersey there is a farmer who claims that he makes $7,000 profit in a year from twelve acres of land.

A son of Mr. Henry Howell, of Monticelo, Illinois, aged fourteen years, was thrown from a mule which he was riding, in front of a mowing machine. When the mule threw him he kicked him towards the sickle, which caught and drew him about fifty feet before the team could be stopped, cutting all the fingers off his right hand, and then cutting off the hand about the middle of the forearm. The right foot was nearly severed at the instep, and a deep gash was cut across the left thigh. Dr. G. T. Allen was called, and amputated the right arm below the elbow. The boy seemed doing well after the operation.

Some 300 dogs have fallen before the dog-hunters in Cleveland, at a cost to the city of $117. The dog taxes collected the present year amount to the enormous sum of $21. The tax is $1 per head. The killers are paid $1 50 per day, and furnish their own ammunition.

From the first settlement of California, barley malt and ale have been shipped there from the Atlantic cities. Now the tables are turned, and a ship with a cargo of 40,000 bushels barley has sailed from San Francisco for New York.

The N. Y. *Mirror* says that the head man in Stuart's sugar refining business received for several years a salary of $30,000; but he resigned his place for more profitable employment. No wonder, then, that sugars are so high priced.

A case of bona fide yellow fever has occurred in Philadelphia. The victim was John Davis, mate of the bark E. K. Kane, from Havana. Davis died in the city, having the black vomit and all the other indications of the fever.

In Cincinnati, a fine looking Newfoundland dog dropped his muzzle, and instantly, as if fearing the dog catcher, thrust his nose into it again, and trotted along, with a very happy wag of his tail.

Mrs. Eva Copenhagen, who died recently in Smythe County, Va., aged 88 years, leaves one hundred and five grandchildren, one hundred and thirty great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild.

A dog attracted his master to a thicket on the line of the Columbia Railroad near Philadelphia, where a live infant was found with its head bruised as though it may have fallen from a car.

Forty skunks were seen in a pasture at North Salem. Six of the number were killed. The laurels upon the brow of "Dake," a dog that attacked the force, were found to have a peculiar and rather unpleasant odor.

The Suspension Bridge over the Niagara river, is now lighted with lamps at both ends, having such powerful reflectors that the whole is lighted perfectly, and it has the appearance of being illuminated.

A correspondent from Saratoga has furnished the Albany *Argus* with an important bit of news from that resort of fashion. He says that the Cuban Senoritas now sojourning there "eschew crinoline."

This year Fourth of July came off on Saturday; and it appears that for the remainder of the present century it will occur on that day but six times—1863, 1868, 1874, 1885, 1894, and in 1899.

An insane girl in the poorhouse at Tamworth, N. H., stole the superintendent's baby from the cradle and drowned it in a brook, while the mother, Mrs. Whiting, was asleep in her chair.

The advocates of the Bloomer costume for ladies are agitating the propriety of holding a convention in Syracuse or Auburn, some time in September next. These women will never be satisfied.

The peach crop in Southern Illinois this season will be very large. One man near Jonesborough, has an orchard of 7,000 young trees that will average a bushel each.

The Hudson River Railroad is burning coke instead of wood in one or two of their locomotives at a clear advantage of from twenty-five to thirty per cent.

Eliza Lunt, of Rockland, Maine, went from Boston to Manchester, N. H., a few days since, and drowned herself in the canal. Her sister and mother both committed suicide.

Gen. Herran has had an interview with Gen. Cass, and negotiated proceedings satisfactory for redress in the matter of the Panama massacre.

A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

There is much demand for laborers in the upper peninsula of Michigan. One of the railroad companies offers $1 50 a day and board.

Within the borders of the United States are 80,000 schools, 5,000 academies, 334 colleges, and 3,800 churches.

The Schuyler frauds discovered in 1854 have injured the railroad stocks in this country to the amount of one hundred millions.

The pony which Victoria gave to Tom Thumb, the smallest pony in the world, died at New Bedford, but his skin is to be stuffed.

In 1830 the number of all the volumes in the different college libraries was 128,118, and in 1857 it exceeds 550,000 volumes.

There are at present two hundred and fifty patients in the State Lunatic Asylum at Harrisburg.

The man who first discovered gold in California has become a poor man and homeless.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR POETS.—We assure our songful contributors that it is to no want of appreciation they should attribute the absence of verses from late numbers of the TABLET. We have been fighting without success the old battle of the *Trayleas* against the *Yotuns* on the matter of Space for the past few weeks,—with this difference, that the enemy were not the monsters of Northern mythology, but most interesting and well seasoned Selections, Communications, and such like. The beam of battle, however, is again straight, and sweet Poesy may take her place when she will.

As if conscious of this fact, "*Rusticus*" has sent us a poem entitled the "Court of Death," and comme cing—

High on a hill where my rad roads converge,
Or rough or pleasant as the case may be,
In sheeted clouds, upon a throne of serge,
King Death gives audience to his Company—

—a poem, which, but for its great length, we would most willingly publish. With the same spirit of foresight another singer has favored us with a local recollection in rhyme, of which the following two verses will give the reader a sufficient idea:

I had two wishes in my youth
(Ah! youth but ill designed,)
The first to serve my race with truth;
The next to serve my kind—
But, as my years and griefs came on
And brought maturer will,
I wished a quiet grave upon
The breast of Burren Hill.
* * * * * *
There first the sun delights to shine
When Carrick lies in shade;
There latest at the day's decline
His parting beams are laid;
So would I keep, unchanging, fast,
My first affection still,
And as I looked my first, look last,
On Holy Burren Hill.

NEW YORK TABLET.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUG. 15, '57.

OLD PROVERBS AND MODERN MORALS.

AMONG the household proverbs representing the strong belief of our forefathers in God's government of the world, there is none which comes down to our times with better vouchers for its credibility than the common phrase, "Murder will out." That it was invariably true, nobody meant when they used it, and experience contradicted; but that it expressed that preponderance of meaning towards truth which determines the character of common sayings, its popularity in the old world, if nothing else, has long since fully attested.

Proverbs of this kind, or such as relate to the moral order, characterize the times and people by whom they are cherished, and furnish more food for thought and matter for dissertation than the superficial suppose. "Murder will out" is, so far as we can trace, a Catholic proverb, and one which has only lived to our days, in its original acceptation, among Catholic populations. To imagine that it implies superstition is to imagine that a reliance in God's assistance in detecting a crime, most horrible and difficult of proof is superstition. It rather implies faith of the highest order; a confidence beyond the assaults of suspicion, in Heaven's watchfulness and justice. They who believed it may have erred in *anticipating* God's providence, but they certainly evinced no superstition in *confiding* in it.

We fear the city press misinterprets its true mission by attempting to disinfect the American mind of this saying, caught by inoculation from European sources. Granting that every day sees the Law baffled by the ingenuity of criminals—by the want of conscience in them or their abettors—by the inefficiency of the executive—what does the public gain by being convinced that, however true the proverb "Murder will out" may be in other countries, it is totally false in this? Is it judicious to proclaim to thieves that your valuables are at their mercy—that their fears of detection are grossly unfounded—that they have only to enter your premises, assume control of your property and "go unwhipt of justice?" The editors of our daily papers have earned their money for another purpose than to issue tickets of invitation to burglars. With how much less reason do they labor to quiet the apprehensions of the greatest of all criminals—the man who meditates murder? Why not make his fears strengthen the weak Statute, and give ubiquity to the Officer? Why not take advantage of every impediment to crime which even a cobwebbed proverb offers, rather than cut loose even so weak a tendril which binds him by the sentiment of a wholesome fear to his duty? But this proverb is not weak. It has saved more lives in Ireland than the Gibbet or the Gallows. Many a plump landlord owes his breath to it to-day, and if it but struck deep into the American mind many a Burdell might escape before the year's end from a summary dismissal to his Maker. We repeat, we fear the city press has misinterpreted its mission by attempting to disinfect the American mind of a saying, which, if believed, can in no manner debase it, and if discarded like so much mental dead-weight, will only give greater buoyancy to evil inclinations.

It may be urged that Society has the best assurance of safety in the knowledge of its weakness. Conceded—what follows? Nothing against our notion. We do not ask society to rely upon the efficiency of a proverb for protection. Let it decree to double the police force, to treble prisons, and to drive a stake at the crossroads into the body of the murderer. Apart from the expediency of these measures we have nothing to say against them. They would, perhaps, go far to excite that fear in the intending criminal which we believe to be one of the best preventatives of crime. Still, what are they to a man who *thinks* he will escape detection. What Sahara thirst is the drinkers of the Croton or the Simoon to the pedestriah who ambles over a clean Broadway—suggestions to a shudder which is anticipated by the reflection that the Sahara and the Simoon are—in Africa. The certainty of conviction, the certainty of punishment, is the terror of the evil-doer, and we have no hesitation in adding, for our own part, that we would prefer a so-called "unprotected" society where this proverb is a living portion of the popular creed than one crusted with legal contrivances against the vicious, where it is treated as the city press would have it treated—as "exploded." No, gentlemen, Justice does not carry a sword to convince men that it is a harmless lath, nor does she wear a bandage to show that she is blind. Her port is that of a Fate, and the more she is supposed to partake of *its* prescience and *certainty*, the more will she be feared and respected.

Are we understood? Our theme is, perhaps, small in itself, but we think it suggestive from our point of view. We consider "an ounce of preventative worth a pound of cure," and we consider that the old-world proverb, "Murder will out," has saved too many lives and buttressed too many tottering Statutes to be dismissed like the spirit of faith which characterized the times and places where it had its origin, and still retains its original significance. It has surely enough to contend against in the dispositions of the people, in the slips of the Law, in the constant presence of unpunished murderers—and there is no pressing need to hurry its dissolution, so long as you may meet almost at every corner a man who at some time of his life blew a bullet, or stuck a knife, into a fellow-man.

Recent occurrences in and about this city should forcibly impress on Parents the advice of St. Hierom to the Roman Lady, "Take care that your children see nothing in *you*, which, if they imitate, they may offend God."

THE EMIGRANTS BY "THE CITY OF MOBILE," AND MR. VERE FOSTER.

OUR readers will remember that in an early number of the TABLET we paid a deserved compliment to Mr. Vere Foster for his general exertions in behalf of female Irish emigrants, and, in particular, in behalf of 133 shipped on board *The City of Mobile* at Liverpool, and then on their way to this port. We have no reason to withdraw our words of praise from Mr. Foster; but we have every reason to regret that the temptations of the middle passage and the laxity of ship-discipline overcame the proverbial discretion of three or four unsophisticated Meathian girls, whose reputations at home were above the suspicion of their neighbors and their Pastors. To those who see in this fact the deterioration of Irish morality, we need only urge the small average number of Irish "unfortunates" when compared with the number of Irish female emigrants—the disadvantages under which the most determined virtue labors in novel and essentially unfavorable circumstances—the odds against unsuspecting or thoughtless innocence and in favor of knavish profligacy where there is, practically, few safeguards for the protection of the one, and no law for the punishment of the other. To others who blame Mr. Foster for the melancholy result, it is, we think, sufficient to state that his presence would have been no positive guarantee against the irregularities of his *protegees*, or the depravity of seamen thrown in contact with them; but we cannot refrain from requesting him to add in future to the many inconveniences which his philanthropy obliges him to suffer that of *personally superintending the voyage of all girls entrusted by parents or others to his care.* It is not enough to see to their good conduct and comfort from their homes to Liverpool, and from New York to their destination. The loosening of the bands of social intercourse on shipboard—the innocence of Irish females on the one side and the immorality of emigrant ship's crews on the other—and, above all, the recent sad experience of the emigrants by *The City of Mobile*, should warn Mr. Foster that his watchful attention to the moral welfare of his temporary wards is as necessary, or, perhaps, *more* necessary, during their passage from Liverpool to New York than either before or after it.

We find in our acquaintance with Mr. Foster the best grounds for believing that it is only necessary to indicate this further precaution against the temptations of female virtue, to have him adopt it. That gentleman has done too much without hope of reward in this world to be dissuaded from a course so consonant with a sense of self-imposed duty, by the fear of personal discomfort. Had this fear ever influenced his thoughts he would have spent in "inglorious ease" the money which he has devoted to the benefit of the virtuous Irish female in late years; he would have had less toilsome travellings, and less loads of solicitude to bear. Let him but add to his present labors the onerous one of undergoing the inconveniences of the emigrant ship, and his right to our gratitude will be as unquestioned as his motives, and his sacrifices.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM AGAIN.—A good moral may become a tiresome but never a bad one; and a good one is suggested by the new attitude which Mrs. Cunningham's case has assumed in the great concourse of crimes now challenging the attention of the community. Here is a woman just escaped from the halter contemplating a felony,—the mother of several children, to whom she should offer good example, running the risk of the State Prison for the sake of the property of the man she was tried for murdering,—and the presumed destroyer of a child by her seducer the producer of a foundling which she designed to palm upon the public as the heir of that seducer—so naturally does one offence pass the offender into the embrace of another.

"Principiis obsta: sero medicina paratur
Cum mala per longas invaluere moras."

The motion unto ill at first withstand—
The cure's too late when vice hath got command.

"DEMANDS OF THE AGE ON COLLEGES."

WE are indebted to the publishers, Fowler & Wells, (two gentlemen who have made a respectable income out of the science of phrenology first taught by the Irish Erigena in the 9th century, and since manipulated into a kind of mental tenement-system, where different characteristics are jumbled up together, or with so little latitude, that you may hear one in the confines of its neighbor,) for the Speech of the Hon. Horace Mann, President of Antioch College, before the Cincinnati Christian Convention, on the "Demands of the Age on Colleges." Mr. Mann has been long distinguished for his great interest in Education among our native population, and the fact that his speech is now published three years after its delivery shows that he does not underrate his effort, or desire it to be forgotten. And yet, after a careful reading, we can see nothing in it beyond earnestness, strong words, fair periods, and a glimmering conception of the necessity of moral training in educational systems, combined with whole passages of rank rant, unprofessional attempts at argumentation, historical blunders, and a consistent stream of gummy cant, which gives unity to the whole. Such is the inventory we have taken of Mr. Mann's Speech on the "Demands of the Age on Colleges," and we proceed briefly to show that we might swear to it without a scruple.

At page 9 Mr. Mann says:

"It (Antioch College) should not be an Egyptian pyramid, for the preservation of old mummies, literary or psychological. Whatever has vitality in it; whatever has truth in it, these let use religiously preserve; for Truth is endued with immortal youth and beauty, and can give forever and to all, without self-exhaustion or impoverishment. But as for the mummies of the pyramids, let the Arab peasants continue to burn them, as travellers tell us they are now accustomed to do, for cooking their dinners. Would to Heaven that all the tyrants of the present day, political and mental, could be put to as good a use."

That's Rant.

At page 13 Mr. Mann says:

"Now, in regard to ourselves and our classmates in college, and our predecessors and successors, also I think this absence of gentlemanly manners, this clumsy and helter-skelter working of all the organs and faculties; or, as it often happened, a complete lockjaw of them all at the very time when most needed, was chargeable, *at least in a great degree*, to the absence of cultivated and refined female society; *and hence I infer* that cultivated and refined female society is 'indicated,' as the doctors say, both as antidote and remedy for manners and address, either too bashful and constrained, or too obtrusive and violent. For this reason, and for others set forth in the Address to which I have already referred, I think one of the Demands of the Age is, that both sexes shall be educated together. * * * Does any one apprehend danger from the opportunities afforded by such a united education? I reply that, as it seems to me, the danger will be increased the longer the separation is continued; so that *the alternative* really is, mutual association of the sexes, or Turkish seclusion. Nay, I go farther, and I confidently submit to the candid judgment of the world that, *even if some improprieties and indiscretions should at first result from combined male and female education, those improprieties and indiscretions would be justly chargeable to the old system of isolation, which excluded all apprenticeship to propriety and habitual self-restraint, rather than to the new arrangement, which only restores that order of nature which God appointed for children in families, and for the holy relation of wedlock among children.*"

It is but fair to add, in parenthesis, that Mr. Mann has no actual connection with a free love society, although his placing of the intercourse between young men and women in the class-room *on a parity* with "the holy relation of wedlock among adults" is redolent of Pearl Andrews, and that he is supposed to be accountable for his expressions although the application of the words "*improprieties and indiscretions*" in relation to the prospective actions of young men and women "*in the holy relation of wedlock*" would seem to indicate a confused intellect. But passing these inconsistencies bye, we only find five other grave errors in the above sentences. The first is where Mr. Mann "begs the question" in the words "at least in a great degree;" the second is where he "infers" that refined female society is the *sole* antidote and remedy for bad manners, to the exclusion of Chesterfield's "Letters" and the lessons of the early Fathers on Christian deportment; the third is where he seems to believe "the mutual association of the sexes, or Turkish seclusion" is the only "alternative" when it is, as his friend Dr. Whately will inform him, no *alternative* at all; the fourth is where he says the improprieties, &c.,

resulting from his new system would be justly chargeable to the old; and the fifth is that to acquire the social *finesse* of making a bow according to geometrical principles it is perfectly admissable to run the risk of learning "improprieties" which may ultimately blossom into profligacy. These may seem to Mr. Mann trivial errors, but according to our ideas they fully justify us in telling the President of Antioch College, that apart from their moral bearing altogether, they are, to say the least, intrinsically "unprofessional."

In pages 18, 47, and 61, respectively, Mr. Mann says:

"Who would have thought that when the Marquis of Worcester first saw the lid of a tea-kettle thrown up by the boiling of the water within it, &c."

* * * * * * *

"Hence, when Galileo affirmed that the earth moved, the Inquisition commanded him, under pain of torture, imprisonment and death, to deny the fact. And there remain, to-day, in the library of the Inquisition, the very manuscripts of Galileo which the priesthood seized and sequestrated. There they remain, I say, sequestred, condemned, sealed with the Papal signet, so that the truths they reveal might never more be spoken among men."

* * * * * * *

"How true it is that Christianity is made to shrink or expand to fit the intellectual and moral calibre of its disciples!"

The first two of these quotations contain some of Mr. Mann's "historical blunders," and the last we place at once to the credit of Cant. The Marquis of Worcester got his idea of steam as a motive power, not from a kettle, but from unfortunate Solomon de Caus who, confined in a Paris prison as a lunatic, proclaimed through the bars of his cell-doors his great discovery. The lie about Galileo has been so often refuted that we would expect an historical pupil, in his first or second year's study of History, to know its falsity; and we need only suggest to Mr. Mann that the truths of the "starry Galileo" were enunciated and taught in Roman Lecture Rooms years before Galileo was born with *the express sanction of the reigning Pontiff*, while Galileo's Letters, published in Boyer's "*Italian Literature*," expressly declare the fact that he was never imprisoned, and only reprimanded for insisting that the text of Scripture in reference to the Sun's "standing still" should be changed to accord with his theory. As to Mr. Mann's sneers at the Middle Ages—that's an amusement open of late years only to those who have never studied them deeply or impartially, and Bishop Hampden, of Manchester, in his admirable Essay on *Scholastic Philosophy*, administers a just rebuke to all that class of talkers or writers by telling them, in substance, "that they are indebted to the Middle Ages for the very terms which they employ in their attempts to defame them."

If our space permitted we might review at greater length, and in a more elaborate manner, the many objections to this Speech on "The Demands of the Age on Colleges," but we have already said enough to show that it is made up of "whole passages of rank rant, unprofessional attempts at argumentation, historical blunders, and a consistent stream of gummy cant which gives unity to the whole."

Rowdies Opposed to "Romanism."—On Sunday last the congregation of St. Stephen's (Catholic) Church were grossly insulted and assaulted by the inmates of a house situated in the vicinity. These parties, at first, confined themselves to abusive epithets, but finding their attempts to provoke the members of the congregation into a breach of the peace ineffectual, resorted to garbage and missiles. The new method of attack was as fruitless as the old, and the congregation, in spite of all the provocation, quietly bore the indignities heaped upon them.

Why are the inmates of the house—104—not arrested? Why, Captain Speight?

The Brooklyn "Eagle" a "Tract" Distributor.—We learn from good authority that the Brooklyn *Eagle* is now used by the proselytizers of Brooklyn as a "tract" distributor. It is, we suppose, only necessary to remind Catholic families of their duty to discourage this misapplication of a newspaper designed for all classes, to secure our cotemporary's prompt expulsion from their premises.

BOSTON MORALITY, NATIVE AND FOREIGN.

Reader! would you like to see the "descendants of the Puritans" weighed in their own bushel by one of themselves? If so, read:

The annual report of the Boston Common Council heretofore published, contains some striking facts. For example this one:

"By reference to City Registrar's Report of 1845, it is shown that in five years there has been an actual diminution of 1755 in the American, and an increase of 26,177 in the Foreign population."

From this extraordinary fact it appears that the foreign born population of Boston has doubled within five years, while the native has not even "held its own."

The primary fact borne in mind, we can the better account for the statistics of poverty and crime which accompany it. Says the Report:

"The following shows the number of persons in the different institutions from January 1st to June 30th, 1851. Also the number of foreigners in each department, viz.:

Whole number in State Prison,		474
Foreigners,	140	
Whole number in County Jail,		2,826
Foreigners,	636	
Whole number in H. Correction,		977
Foreigners,	636	
Whole number in L. Asylum,		224
Foreigners,	148	
Whole number at Deer Island,		822
Foreigners,	753	

Upon this report we have to remark that the larger proportion of foreigners in the House of Refuge and at Deer Island has of course been caused by emigration. Foreigners have gone there from ships, not from the city. This is an important distinction, for it shows that the ratio in these cases is accidentally and not likely to continue.

The larger number of committals of Foreigners to the Watch House and House of Correction can be accounted for from the fact that whereas every native can get bailed for trifling offences, the majority of foreigners cannot. To our own knowledge, also, foreigners are frequently arrested for frivolous offences, which are overlooked in natives.

In the minor offences the Foreigners are in the majority, but in the County Jail and State's Prison, the natives are four to one—more than their relative proportion to the whole population. This, also, is a very important point. Assaults, intemperance, and petty offences are more common among foreigners, or more generally detected, but the heavier crimes are comparatively few among them.—*Boston Paper.*

It is a pity that so valuable a confession as this should come to us under the sign manual of a clipper rather than with the name of its parent. Still, it is a *bona fide* confession from an American paper, and we take great pleasure in recommending it to the attention of the Louisville *Journal*. As an offset to the Boston *Bee's* hummings over foreign depravity in its vicinity, it is singularly well-timed and conclusive.

A Silent Organ.—The *Daily News* purports and is reputed to be an organ or servant of the Democratic party. As such it has received, according to a statement made by a Tammany Hall Committee in the *Herald*, $280,000 to support it, and a further sum of $125,000 is about to be collected for the purpose of increasing its usefulness. A paper under these weighty obligations to its patrons should have, according to the accepted idea of political reciprocity, a quick ear to hear a civil question affecting its party, and a ready tongue to answer it. To go to sleep upon its patrol at the very time when it is attempting to prolong its life by a draft upon party spoils, seems, at least, very inopportune.

We asked the *News* the week before last to tell us in its official capacity "if devotion to Democracy meant devotion to William Walker and the like of him?" We did so because the Cabinet permits him to recruit fillibusters unmolested, from New York to Nashville, for the purpose of waging war upon a nation at peace with us, and we reiterate it, because Gen. Wool's letter disclosing Jefferson Davis' complicity with the first sailing of Walker from California shows that *one* Democratic Cabinet acquiesced in it and warns us that *another* may do, and perhaps does now, a similar thing. Must we approve of fillibusters, Mr. *News*, to be a Democrat—must we? No evasion—one of two things—"yes," or "no."

Diocese of Brooklyn.—The following gentlemen were ordained on the Feast of Saint Bonaventure: Rev. James Phelan, of Saint Joseph's Seminary; Rev. Edward Doucet, James M. Graves, John Schneider, Thomas O'Neil, Frederick Gavesche, ——— Ronan, and Louis Petit Dimanche, of Saint John's College, Fordham. The above, with the exception of the Reverend James Phelan, were ordained for the Brooklyn Diocese.

Enlisting for the British Army in India.—Rumor has gained currency within a few days that British agents are quietly engaged in the business of enlisting soldiers in this country for the purpose of replenishing the ranks of their army in India, the late defection among the native troops having rendered it necessary to increase their forces in that country with a more loyal class of soldiers. We are not at liberty to state the source of our information, but should the attempt be persevered in, there is every reason to suppose that the parties concerned in the violation of the law will be arrested, and there may be a revival of another Crampton affair.

We find an announcement similar to the above from the *N. Y. Times* of the 6th inst. in the Evening *Express* of the same date. From what the *Times* says there can be no reasonable doubt that an attempt is being made in our midst to enlist recruits for British service in India, and we hope the Administration acting under a proper sense of its duty, will nip it in the bud. The *Times* would seem to owe it to the public, now that it has shown its information in the premises, to disclose the names of those supposed to be implicated. Even if they have not yet made themselves liable to the law it is well to know their whereabouts. "More light."

Christianity in China, Tartary and Thibet. By M. L'Abbe Huc, author of "The Chinese Empire," &c. *Sadlier & Co., 164 William street, New York.*

The Abbe Huc is already well known to our readers as the author of two works which have caused much interest, not only in the Catholic world, but also among the readers in different Protestant journals, by which they have been extensively reviewed. The strangeness of what he saw and the vividness of his descriptions seem to have thrown a charm around all his writings, which is far superior to anything to be met with in the works of modern fiction. The translator of his two former works labored under a material defect: the style being French and not English, was calculated to disturb the attention of the reader, and to withdraw his mind from the thread of the narrative. This defect has been corrected in the present work, which is a continuation of the two former, and is absolutely necessary for those who have read the former works and desire to make themselves acquainted with the state of Christianity in China; but, to the general reader, it will be a work whence he can draw his information respecting the early history of Christianity in those countries which are so little known and which excite such deep interest. To the Catholic it will afford proofs of the early propagation of the doctrines of the Church and of the vast progress which it made in Asia; it will also excite his interest in the missions, and make him pray for the great work of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. We take the following notice from the London *Rambler*:

"The name of the Abbe Huc has become a household word with us. From the elders of the family down to the youngest 'literate' member of it, his genial writings have been read and re-read with delight. Among the small people, according to their respective ages, he takes rank with the authors of *Robinson Crusoe, Little Snowdrop, and Puss in Boots*; and, in truth, it is no small gift to be able to rivet the attention of children on a genuine traveller's chronicle, however full of incidents. He has found the way to their sympathies and confidence. They would rejoice at a visit from the good father, receive him as an old friend, and plague him with all sorts of questions about *Samdadchiemba*, whose queer name trips over their tongues as easily as *Jack* or *Lizzie*. Our own feelings towards the intrepid Missionary Apostolic are very much the same, only tempered by high respect and admiration for his intellectual and personal qualities. We hail with the greatest pleasure every fresh contribution to our modern literature, striking as it is in quantity rather than quality, from the pen of a man who has really something to say, and who combines French vivacity and acuteness with English solidity. We know not how M. l'Abbe would accept this description, but we mean it as the highest compliment we can pay him."

The Academy of the Holy Infancy, Manhattanville, will resume the exercise of the ensuing scholastic year on Monday, August 31st.

Brother Stylien, Director.

BIRTH.

At Brooklyn, on the 6th inst., Mrs. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, of a daughter.

DIED.

Hussey.—At his residence, No. 21 Oliver street, on Thursday evening, August 6, owing to the result of an accident, Nicholas Hussey, Senr., half pay Royal Artillery, E.A., and for the last fifteen years connected with the shipping house of Williams & Guion, of this city, in the 65d year of his age.

The funeral took place from St. James's Church on Sunday last, and was most numerously and respectably attended. To thousands of our Irish citizens deceased was well and favorably known. His remains were interred at Calvary Cemetery. R.I.P.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Notice to Subscribers.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance. We intend making the Tablet a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

Notice.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the Tablet, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

We desire to warn persons wishing to subscribe to the Tablet against a class of Agents who take upon themselves the questionable power of signing the names of its Publishers to receipts, and escape the crime of forgery by adding their own initials. The Publishers of the Tablet have not authorized any one to receive money for them unless those who can show a paper confirming that authority, or whose names appear among the list of Agents.

Our Detroit subscribers will please call at the store of Mr. Charles Fitzsimons, corner of Jefferson Avenue and Second street, and settle up with him for the Tablet. He has a list of our subscribers.

Mr. James McGee is our regular Canvasser and Carrier for the 8th, 9th, 16th, 20th and 22d Wards. He will supply any of our books at Catalogue prices, and receive subscriptions for Illustrated Works.

The Tablet can be had at the Bookstore of P. King, No. 101 Twenty-eight street, near St. Stephen's Church. He also keeps on hand a good assortment of Books, Beads, Pictures, &c.

Mr. James McAlevy is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and in all the neighboring towns he may visit.

Mr. John Dillon Smith is not, and never has been, authorized to act as Agent, or to collect for this Journal.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Wholesale Agency in Boston.

The Tablet can be had at the Bookstore of Mr. Wm. Hickey, 128 Federal street, at New York prices. Canvassers and News Agents supplied.

Travelling Agents.

Mr. John Mangin will visit Plattsburg Keeseville, and adjacent towns on Lake Champlain, this and following weeks. He has a good assortment of Catholic Books for sale, and is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the New York Tablet.

Mr. Francis Connolly is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in all the towns he may visit in Western New York. Any of our friends in need of good Catholic Books had better avail themselves of this opportunity, as Mr. C. has a fine assortment on hand.

John J. Holland is authorized to canvass for new subscribers and collect all debts due the Tablet in all the towns throughout the Eastern States. He keeps on hand a good stock of Catholic publications.

T. F. Lee is authorized to collect subscriptions for the New York Tablet in the Abingtons, Bridgewaters, Randolph, Stoughton, or in any towns through which he may travel.

London, C. W.—Our friends in London, C. W., will find the Tablet for sale at the Bookstore of Bernard Henry, Richmond street.

We call the attention of our readers in Troy, Lansingburg and vicinity, to the advertisement of Roarke & Tighe, on our last page. They have just opened a new store at 10 1-2 King street, where the Catholics of Troy can always find a full assortment of Catholic publications and religious articles at New York prices. They are authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet. We are glad to see our friend Mr. Roarke succeeding in his business. His energy and perseverance deserve success, and we hope the Catholics of Troy will extend to him their patronage as he is certainly deserving of it. Remember the No. 10 1-2 King st.

DEBTS DUE THE "AMERICAN CELT."

Mr. James Mitchell will call on our friends in the Eastern States during the present month, to collect subscriptions due the *Celt* previous to January, 1857.

THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION AND ITS RELATIONS TO FOREIGNERS.

WASHINGTON, July 31, 1857.

B. D. KILLIAN, ESQ.—*Sir*:—The President left the city yesterday for Bedford Springs, where he intends to sojourn for about three weeks in order to recruit his health, and escape the hot atmosphere of physical and political life at the seat of the general government. As far as public affairs are concerned, they seem to pursue the even tenor of their way, and create no unusual stir among party *quid nuncs* for occasional slight aberrations from their direct line of travel, yet, it must be admitted that under this, perhaps, the most popular and blameless administration—thus far understood and seen, acts of commission and omission frequently happen, that, with a little more care and less of personal family compact influence, had better not be done. The Secretary of the Interior, last month, removed a clerk of his Department on account, it is said, of his well-known connection with the Know-Nothing party; nevertheless, he was scarcely out of his seat when he was put into another, if not a better situation than the one he was removed from, by the chief of another department of the government, viz.: the Indian department. Others notoriously connected with the same party are either retained in their places, or what is worse, are smuggled into fat berths by the connivance of their numerous connections and friends, and generally, if not wholly, without either the concurrence, or knowledge, on the part of the President and Cabinet, of their political antecedents—at least I am at present charitably disposed to believe that this is the case. Now, this is neither morally nor politically right towards either the Democratic party, *per se*, or that very large class of it of foreign origin, who gave it their undivided support for the purpose of overthrowing the Know-Nothing monster at the last Presidential election.

While I am disposed and ready to concede to President Buchanan and his constitutional advisers, a full share of my unalloyed confidence in their integrity and purity of purpose of doing justice to those who deserve and who do not deserve their favors, it must yet be confessed, that where the balance might be struck between the appointments (unless we exclude messengers or menials about the departments) between Know-Nothings and nationalized citizens, the former have no reason to complain of any unfairness towards them on the part of the powers that be. In vain can the public records of the present hour be referred to for the appointment of any naturalized citizen to a respectable position under the government. Why is this so? Is it because they are not qualified to fill them, or rather should we not fear that it is not so much owing to the lack of a desire to honor them in that way, as to minister through a feeling of morbid weakness to the unholy and unconstitutional prejudices of a large proportion of the American mind? But, sir, notwithstanding this apparent want of probity and good faith on the part of the administration to those who rendered it material aid in its hour of need, and placed it where it now is, I, for one, have an abiding confidence in Mr. Buchanan's honesty of character, and believe that "his father's countrymen, who are citizens of the United States, will receive their proportion of the public patronage." For one, I have no personal grievances to complain of, nor do I care whether office be offered me or not, when a great principle of justice is jeopardized, that fairly applies to an immense integral element of the body politic, such as those who seem to be, by the operation of the system under notice, as virtually excluded from the enjoyment of their rights, and the pleasures arising from the conviction that they are equals before the law in everything that appertains to American citizenship with those of native birth, as if they were still aliens and subjects of the British crown. One of the greatest difficulties with which a safe administration—such as I am willing to concede the present one to be—has to contend in its intentions to do justice to all classes of its friends, flows directly, in under currents of deep-seated, inexorable anti-Irish, anti-Catholic prejudices, which have taken root in almost every working division of the government against us. This the Irish Catholic adopted citizen sees and feels, whenever his pride, ambition, or a laudable zeal on his part, prompts him to promote his wordly condition by the acquisition of those pecuniary advantages at the disposal of his government, which his talents and other qualifications give him a just title to. Add to this, the alarming, and almost universal predominance of the test of private, secret organism, with which every head of a bureau, if not every clerk under his control, is connected, and you will see at one view the Sysiphus-like hardships with which the Irish Catholic citizen has to contend for a paltry share of his political rights. I will even go further and throw into the balance against him, when all these fail of their purpose, as in some rare instances they do with impartial men having the government patronage to dispose, the large share of calumny, inuendo, and falsehood, which is either whispered in their ears, or specially made a cause of complaint against an applicant of this class for office, when discovery of the libel is impossible, and the picture I have thus endeavored to paint of our political position, to say nothing of our social one, is complete. Either the Democratic party, or administration, must be true to the principles that brought it into power as effecting the rights of all classes of its supporters, or it will have to give way to some other party, perhaps more hostile and dangerous to our rights than it can or would be by a pusillanimous policy on its part in the premises, but, then, so far as we, as a class, would be effected by the continuance of the one in power, under the operation of the evils complained of, or the undisguised determination of its successors to deprive us *de facto* of our rights, the result would have little or no material effect upon our feelings, as men.

I have no wish to see either the Republican, Whig, or Know-Nothing party succeed in attaining the reins of government; with all its faults, with due deference to the opinions of those who differ with me, the Democratic party is still the safest for us to support, while that support is rendered reciprocal by the parties to the political compact, which binds us together as a family of freemen. In other words, as Vattel and other writers on international law affirm, that only when protection is rendered by a government, then the allegiance of the subject or the citizen is due, and *a priori* the *attachment* of the members of a party to those whom they have elected to carry out its principles in all their bearings.

SIGMA.

SARATOGA CORRESPONDENCE.

The season in Saratoga.—Archbishop Hughes.—The purposed Fair.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Aug. 1st, 1857.

This is what might be called a "poor season" for Saratoga, and every one is asking, "why is it so?" The sun has seemed, by its scorching heat, as if it wished to drive all to these pleasant shades; the Congress water, after a temporary derangement, is more refreshing than formerly; the music, as ever, plays at morning and eventide; a hundred "sights" are prepared for our amusement, and sad it made us the other day, to see one who in her withered appearance realized all one's dreams of a sybil, atrayed in the height of fashion, followed by a mob of idle boys. Thalberg and Ole Bull have delighted us with their witching strains; and Dempster, too, with his ballads, hackneyed, but sweet as ever; yet, still, Saratoga is unlike itself. Fewer persons are here, and those who *do* come seem dying of innui.

Beggars are abundant, and one is constantly asked for "Charity!"

I met a few days ago, a woman and child in extreme poverty; hers was "an old tale and often told," but very touching. She was lovely even in rags. I thought as she left me that the beautiful WERE sometimes desolate after all.

The comparatively small number of our visitors accounts perhaps for the absence of persons of note. The only one I can recall is Archbishop Hughes, who preached yesterday in the Catholic Church. It would be useless to attempt a report of his sermon; had the heart a language, I might indeed tell of what stirred it so, but as it is "voiceless" I must forbear. I have never seen him looking better; and, aside from his ecclesiastical character, there is, to use the language of another, "about *the man*—his air, his eye, *that* which in olden times, made kings, by the acclamation of the crowd—an unmistakable sovereignty," and as we knelt to receive his blessing we involuntarily paid respect to the man as well as the Ecclesiastic. His remarks even in ordinary conversation are striking and beautiful. On being told the other day that a church was in process of erection, like St. Peter's at Rome, he observed that "one might as well attempt a second Niagara."

There is a Fair in contemplation for the benefit of the Catholic Church here, which will be held immediately after the fifteenth of August. The zealous Pastor still perseveres in what is as disagreeable to him as to any. But the beautiful Church, the deep-toned bell, the golden-haired statue of the Blessed Virgin, are monuments of his piety, and must console him for what is unpleasant, and, *at present*, unavoidable in his position.

Hoping that all charitably disposed persons will remember Saratoga on the fifteenth, I am, until after the Fair,

Yours, &c., P.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS IN PAWTUCKET, R. I.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., August 1st, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

SIR:—It becomes my pleasing duty to publish a few brief details of the Annual Examinations and Exhibition of the Catholic Schools of this town, which I witnessed a few days ago, and I am sure it will afford both you and your numerous readers much pleasure to learn that they have well sustained their character.

The examinations commenced at 9 o'clock, A. M., and continued until 4 o'clock, P. M., with an intermission of two hours. The school-rooms were beautifully decorated with evergreens, which, added to the extreme neatness and cleanliness of the children, the order and regularity of the proceedings, presented a most pleasing and interesting picture. During the examination of the classes I experienced mingled feelings of pride and pleasure at the degree of proficiency exhibited by the pupils, which for their years—the majority of them being extremely young—was highly satisfactory.

On the following day the exhibition took place. It was attended by a numerous and respectable audience. The entertainment was excellent. Many of the pieces were of a very interesting character, while others frequently excited the risible faculties of the spectators. In short, the children acquitted themselves admirably, and the exhibition terminated as it commenced, with some excellent singing.

Is it not most cheering, Mr. Editor, in these days of bigotry and intolerance, so pregnant with danger to Catholic faith and morals, to observe the steady progress of our schools in numbers and respectability? It is surely the duty of every Catholic to aid in the establishment and support of those institutions, in which the minds of youth are taught to regard the practice and love of their religion as the primary object of desire, and to look upon all worldly interests as merely secondary considerations, or as a means towards the end for which they were created.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

PIC-NIC OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOLS, WILLIAMSBURGH, L. I.

The first Annual Pic-Nic of St. Mary's Schools and Christian Doctrine Society took place to Brown's Grove on Tuesday the 28th ult., and was one of the most successful excursions of that kind which was ever had on either side of the East River. The children, numbering 1,500, started from the school-rooms at 8 o'clock, A. M., under the superintendence and direction of Mr. Hurley and the other teachers, male and female, of the Sunday schools, and proceeded through several streets, forming a most beautiful and regular procession, being, at least, a half mile in length. They were preceded by the Carrol Guards, under the command of Captain James Carolan, and an excellent band of music. On passing the Convent in Grand st., the military and children gave the Sisters a complimentary salute, the band playing, *at the request of* those underminers of the Constitution, the *Star Spangled Banner*.

The procession then proceeded to the woods, and the day passed off most pleasantly. Dancing was anything but neglected; for it would seem as if the happy scenes of the morning, and the refreshing and invigorating rural breezes, had made dancers of those who never attempted to dance a step before. The great treat of the occasion, however, was the Exhibition by some of the children of the day school, under the charge of Mr. Tully and Mrs. Tello, assisted by Mr. Hurley and Miss Cassidy. As the voices of the female pupils were not considered strong enough for the occasion, it was not thought advisable to allow them to speak their pieces, &c.; but the boys amply made up for any loss on that account. It was the opinion of the clergymen, and other good judges, that they had never heard better acclamation by children of so tender years. We noticed particularly, Masters McCullum, Christopher Patterson, Carolan and McDermott.

After the recitations by the scholars, Mr. Tully was called upon by the delighted crowd. He spoke on the subject of education in general, and of their efforts in its cause in particular, complimenting their pastor, Father Behan, for his zeal and ability; and from the manner in which his remarks were received, we should judge that the people fully appreciated their pastor's labors. His speech was very neat and appropriate, and he was loudly applauded.

After enjoying themselves at dancing, &c., till six o'clock, P. M., this pleasant party returned, highly pleased with the day they had spent so happily and joyously.

ANNUAL PIC-NIC OF THE ERINA SOCIETY.

On Thursday week last the Annual Pic-Nic of the abovenamed society came off at "Fairy Glen." Although the weather proved most unfavorable, preventing many from taking part in the festivities of the day, that otherwise would had the weather been propitious, there was still a very select and social company, who, despite every drawback, spent the day in a pleasant and most agreeable manner. Arriving at the ground at 11 o'clock, dancing was at once commenced in the spacious ball-room attached to the Hotel, and continued with little interruption till half-past two, when dinner was announced. The dinner was most *recherche* in everything, and all seemed disposed to do it full justice. Delicious and sparkling wines were in requisition and flowed freely. The President, J. McGuin, Esq., welcomed the company in a very happy speech, after which a number of toasts, appropriate to the occasion, were volunteered and responded to by Messrs. Tully, Quinn, McCarthy, O'Brien, Mathers, Duigan, and others. The dancing was then resumed and continued till evening, when some beautiful bouquets were introduced by Mr. Hart. The ladies all drew lots for the first, and Miss Cassidy being the lucky one, received the bouquet from the hands of Mr. Hart. It was decided to award the second to the handsomest lady present, and now came the most difficult portion of the business, as there was an unusual display of grace and beauty. After considerable discussion as to the best mode of determining the matter, a chairman was appointed, candidates proposed, and a regular ballot of all the gentlemen taken. The result was in favor of Miss Peterkin, of Williamsburgh, who received it amid enthusiastic applause, after which the company returned home, all pleased with the enjoyment of the day.

FALSE PHILANTHROPY.

It is not often that a lawyer declares himself in favor of the abolition of the Death Penalty. It is, therefore, worthy of note that Mr. Charles Phillips, the eminent and veteran London barrister, has published a pamphlet, in which he avows the opinion, the result of his long and varied experience, that Capital Punishment, so far from diminishing, only increases crime, and that its effect is brutalizing in the last degree upon society. He recommends separate prisons for those convicted of capital offences, and thinks that these should be of a gloomy exterior, isolated from cities and villages, and, in fact, "the graves of the murderers."—*N. Y. Tribune, August 7th.*

Mr. Phillip's opinion as that of "an eminent and veteran London barrister" deserves very little consideration, when expressed on a practical subject such as the treatment of murderers. Whoever reads his legal efforts in criminal cases will be very apt to conclude that his incapacity to convict of crime, suggested to him the impropriety of adequately punishing it. Again, does the *Tribune* not think *this* a most inopportune time for advocating leniency to manslayers? Daily and nightly murder walks through our streets—and it is a question with many whether or not society has sufficient safeguards to protect itself. If crime increase at its present ratio, we would require a standing army in a few years to play prison-keepers to our Cains.—ED. N. Y. TABLET.

A NATIONAL PERIODICAL.—A new weekly periodical entitled the "*Celt*," and edited by a Committee of the Celtic Union, appeared in Dublin on the 1st inst. Its proprietors in their Prospectus state that it shall be Irish, Celtic, Catholic and Progressive. Such a weekly visitor is much needed in the farm house and peasant's home, and the low price at which it is published will, no doubt, insure its success. We perceive the name of Dr. Kane, of Kilkenny, in connection with it; no better could be selected.

LEGENDS
AND
TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

MALACHY THE FIRST ON THE THRONE OF IRELAND, A.D. 847.

Never was there a greater transformation seen than in the case of Malachy, once the latent energy of his character had been aroused by the insulting demand of Turgesius. In his younger days, Malachy had been somewhat of a warrior, and had distinguished himself by his successful efforts against the first Norwegian invaders, but in after years his brave spirit sunk beneath the continued pressure from without. He found that all his victories went for nothing, inasmuch as the foreigners sprang up again in one part of the country as soon as he, or any other native prince, defeated and put them down in another. Seeing no prospect of effecting any permanent good for the country at large, Malachy narrowed in the sphere of his operations, and applied himself solely to the preservation of his own hereditary domains. Hence his apparent submission to Turgesius, and his politic intercourse with that bold usurper whom, in his heart, he loathed and despised. Turgesius, on the other hand, had, all along, an intuitive sense of Malachy's prudence and ability, and he took more pains to conciliate him than any other of the Irish princes—and Malachy appeared to entertain a due sense of the honor thus conferred on him, and seemed very thankful indeed that he was still permitted to style himself king of Meath. Ambition and patriotism seemed alike extinguished in his heart, and men began to look on him as one from whom nothing was to be expected.

No sooner, however, did the disgraceful proposal of Turgesius excite his indignation than the smouldering fire of patriotism burst forth again from the depth of his heart, and Malachy of Meath was himself again. All the energy and activity—all the generous devotion of earlier years came back again at the bidding of injured honor, and with these noble qualities were now united the wisdom and the foresight of mature age, the whole crowned and perfected by religion. The death of Turgesius was but the first of a long series of bold, energetic actions on the part of Malachy. News of the event were quietly dispatched to every part of the country, urging on the princes and chiefs the necessity of an immediate and simultaneous attack on the foreigners thus happily deprived of their able leader. The Irish chiefs were not slow in acting on Malachy's suggestion. The country was up in arms. The Northmen, broken in courage and dispirited by the doleful tidings of the death of Turgesius, who had been for years the very life-pulse of their power in Ireland, were subdued with comparative ease, the more so as they were taken in their isolated condition stationed here and there amongst the natives. Like Malachy, the whole nation was suddenly inspired with new vigor, and rising at once in conscious strength, took its late masters captive, and placed its foot upon their neck. Malachy was soon after elected monarch of Ireland, being universally recognized as the author and executor of the great revolution just effected.

No sooner was Malachy securely seated on the throne than he sent ambassadors to Charles the Bald, king of France, his friend and ally, acquainting him with the death of Turgesius, the consequent fall of the Norwegian power in Ireland and his own accession to the throne. At the same time Malachy begged permission for himself and his retinue to pass through the French dominions on their way to Rome, as he purposed making a pilgrimage to that city, in gratitude to God for the signal success vouchsafed him in his efforts to free his country from the galling yoke of the heathen Norsemen.

Meanwhile, this wise and politic prince applied himself to raise the country from its desolate and oppressed condition, and to restore the public ministry of religion, so long interrupted by the ruthless tyranny of the pagans. The whole kingdom suddenly changed its face under the able and vigorous rule of Malachy. Churches and monasteries were everywhere built up again, or re-consecrated and restored to the service of religion. The public houses of entertainment and the asylums of charity were re-opened, the land was again tilled by its rightful owners, and the sun of prosperity, so long obscured for unhappy Ireland, shone out again with renewed splendor. The foreigners, scattered over the five provinces, were gradually incorporated with the natives—not, however, without some severe skirmishing for the first years after Malachy's accession—and their oppressive exactions of former times were but themes for the *seanachie's* tale or the minstrel's song.

But the wily Northmen were not to be so easily got rid of. Finding that there was a monarch on the throne who was well able to maintain his rights, and that the great chiefs were more united amongst themselves than at any former time, the Norwegians gave up the hope of reconquering Ireland, and yet amid the arid plains and long-continuing snows of their native land, they yearned for the green hills and fertile valleys of that emerald of the sea whose beauties were the theme of many a Norse ballad. So they turned their attention to commerce, and converted their war-ships into sober merchantmen, then sought and obtained permission from Malachy the First to trade with some of the principal Irish cities. Malachy thought it a favorable opportunity to promote trade and commerce amongst his people, and readily authorized the foreigners to settle in the cities. But this was a fatal mistake on the part of the king, for no sooner had the Northmen obtained a firm footing in Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick, than they began to sow dissensions amongst the neighboring chiefs, offering their services to one or to another to coerce the other into submission. Thus it was that they insidiously made their way again into the very heart of the country, gradually obtaining tracts of land from the various chieftains whose cause they espoused, and Malachy soon found to his cost that their power in the country was rapidly reviving, thanks to the contentions and blind infatuation of some of the native lords and princes.

Malachy made many attempts to withdraw the Irish princes from their fatal alliance with the Danes and Norwegians. Finding persuasion and remonstrance alike unavailing, he at length had recourse to arms, and fought several battles with various princes who were leagued with the Galls or Foreigners. It was soon after one of these battles that his mortal career was brought to a close. He had been year after year postponing his pilgrimage to Rome, still hoping for more peaceful times, and now disappointment and the heavy cares of state, and vain regret for his imprudent sanction of the Danes settling in the cities weighed down his great soul and acted with destructive force on his sinewy frame, and so he died, with Rome unvisited, and the Danes once more in possession of some of the fairest portions of his kingdom. It was a sad day for Ireland when the mortal remains of Malachy the First were laid in the great Church of Clon-mac-noise, where many of the kings, his predecessors, were already mouldering into dust. Amongst the numerous laments indited for the loss of this good and great prince by the bardic historians of that day, we find one commencing thus:

"Mournfully is spread her veil of grief over Ireland,
Since the chieftain of our race has perished, Malachy of the flowing Shannon.
Many a moan in every place, it is a mournful news among the Gael.
Red wine has been spilled into the valley, Erin's monarch has died."

— In our next, The City of Hurdles, and The Death and Burial of St. Patrick.

ROBERT BURNS.

The great poet of Scotland was born in a clay-built cottage, raised by his father's hands, on the banks of the Doon, in the district of Kyle, and county of Ayr, on the 25th day of January, 1759. As a natural mark of the event, a sudden storm at the same moment swept the land, and the gable wall of the dwelling gave way, the babe was hurried through a storm of wind and sleet to the shelter of a securer hovel. He was the eldest born of three sons and three daughters; his father, William Burns, had come from Kincardineshire, married Agnes Brown, a young woman of the neighborhood, and settled on the "banks of the Doon," where he followed the profession of a gardener.

Among the bonnie winding banks,
Where Doon rins wimpling clear,
Where Bruce once ruled the martial ranks,
And shook his Carrick spear.

The early childhood of Burns was spent between this neighborhood and that of the town of Ayr; and "here awa, there awa," the inspired child, following his *genius* upon the mountain side, or among the wooded paths along the river side, was imbibing never-dying images of humor and pathos.

The elder Burns was a silent, austere, well-informed man; his wife was of a mild mood, blest with a singular fortitude of temper, and loved, while busied in her household concerns, to sweeten the bitter moments of life by chanting the songs and ballads of her country, of which her store was great. When the poet was six years old his parents were induced to remove to Mount Oliphant, a farm belonging to the laird of Doonholm. After a residence here of six years the laird died—and then many terms never intended to be called for by the generous laird were exacted so harshly by his factor that the family were obliged to relinquish the farm and seek shelter on the grounds of Lochlea, some ten miles off, in the parish of Tarbolton. When, in after days, men's characters were in his hands, the poet gave his factor a lasting touch, for his insolence and wrong, in the poem of the "Twa Dogs."

Besides such instructions as Burns received from his parents, he was aided by one John Murdock, student in divinity, who undertook to teach arithmetic, grammar, French, and Latin, to the boys of Lochlea, and the sons of five neighboring farmers. Murdock was an enthusiast in learning, much of a pedant, and a judge of genius. He thought wit should be always laughing. He taught Robert the names of different objects in Latin and French, the grammar of the English tongue, and the natural order of prose and poetic composition. Burns was even in those days a sort of enthusiast in all that concerned Scotland. He read of the bloody struggles of his country for freedom and existence, till a "Scottish prejudice," he says, "was poured into my veins, which will boil there till I die." Burns lifts up the veil himself from the studies which made him a poet. "In my boyish days," he says to Moore, "I owed much to an old woman (Jenny Wilson) who resided in the family, remarkable for her credulity and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs, concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, elf candles, dead light apparitions, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and trumpery. His mother, too, unconsciously led him to the muse; she used to sing to him a strange ballad called "The Life and Ages of Man," which was in his mind when he wrote "Man was Made to Mourn."

He found other teachers of a tenderer nature and softer influence. "You know," he says to Moore, "our country custom of coupling man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature a year younger than myself, and, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion which, in spite of acid disappointment, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys. How she caught the contagion I cannot tell; I never expressly said I loved her; indeed, I did not know why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evenings from our labor; why, the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill, and my pulse beat when I fingered over her little hand to pick out thistle stings." Thus with him began love and verse. Through such instinct in after years were composed some of his best songs; such as "Bonnie Lesley," "Highland Mary," "Duncan Gray," "John Anderson my Jo," "Fairest Maid on Devon's Banks," "Ye Banks and Braes," "Had I a Cave on some Wild Distant Shore," "Bonnie Jean," "Auld Lang Syne," etc.

On his father's death, Burns took the farm of Mossgiel, and with his mother, sisters, and brother Gilbert, managed it with care and frugality. His wages were fixed at about thirty-five dollars a year, out of which he bought books. Farmer Attention, the proverb says, is a good farmer; but Burns was only such by starts. Though excelling in ploughing, reaping, mowing, &c., he would stop to write a poem on the sheep he was about to shear, or a song on that girl among his reapers who had the whitest hand. There was in preservation a memorandum-book containing his earliest verses. Though a poet at sixteen, he seems not to have made even his brother his confidant until his judgment had ripened with manhood. In this book were some of his best compositions, mixed up with maxims, observations, hints for his own guidance. The first words noted are stanzas on his fair companion of the harvest field; among the last is the matchless lyric, "Green Grow the Rushes, O." To him the stubble field was musing ground, and the walk behind the plow a twilight saunter on Parnassus. With his thoughts thus wandering and thus laboring on, in two years, from the summer of 1784 to the summer of 1786, Burns composed the greater part of his poems. The failure on this farm, his engagement with Jean Armour, the publication in 1786 of his first volume at Kilmarnock, his setting out for the West Indies, changed in direction to Edinburgh, the friends made and his literary fame there, his tour to the North West, finally, his return to Mossgiel, all the well-known particulars of his life bring us to his marriage with Jean Armour; the happiness and reconciliation of their families, and his new plans for settlement in life.

With his young wife, a punch bowl of Scottish marble, an eight-day clock, a new plough, a beautiful heifer, two thousand dollars in his pocket, a resolution to toil, and a hope of success, Burns set up his staff on the farm of Ellinland, on the banks of the Nith, about six miles from Dumfries. Here he produced, in a single day, "Tam O'Shanter." He wrote few poems after his marriage, but he composed many songs, the sweet voice of Mrs. Burns and the craving of Johnson's Museum account for their number but not for their variety. Here also he wrote "Mary in Heaven," "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," "The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman." Here, at the end of the third year, prosperity deserted him again, and having been appointed to the excise, he bid adieu to the plough and sickle and commenced a town life at Dumfries. From this day his downward course may be dated; politics, fondness for society, the absence from home required by his new calling, and the irregularities which grew upon him, through these causes, ruined his health and prevented many an effort made to better himself. His good intentions are proverbial. Robert Burns died at Dumfries on 21st July, 1798. On the 5th of June, 1815, a marble monument was erected. In April, 1834, the body of Mrs. Burns was laid beside her husband. Dumfries and its churchyard have become a shrine. The "Brigs of Ayr" will stand side by side, and the Brig O' Doon still contains the keystone of its arch where

"——honest Tam O'Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,"

lost the tail of his gray mare Meg. Alloway kirk is now desolate and roofless, the four walls only standing with the small bell swinging in the east end. In the churchyard lies the father of the poet, with this epitaph by the son—

Oh, ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend:
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the gen'rous friend,
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
For e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.

The old cottage is now an ale-house, and contains sundry humble relics and tokens connected with Burns. The monument to his memory above alluded to was raised by national subscription. Five acres of hill and dale were purchased on the Banks of the Doon—not far from cottage, brig, and kirk, and this structure erected. A full-length statue of the poet, of the Flaxman, adorns the building, and the grounds are kept tastefully cultivated—the whole was inaugurated a few years ago by Prof. Wilson and a host of other admirers.

New Publications.—A valuable work on the "History of the Council of Trent" is about to be brought out in Rome, under the auspices of Pius IX. Padre Theiner, the editor and compiler, has been for many years the Prefect of the Secret Archives of the Vatican, and in his official situation has had full and free access to all the MSS. During many years he has privately worked out his history of the Council, and has amassed an enormous number of documents on the subject. In the revolutionary period at Rome, fearing that the original codices might be destroyed or removed from his keeping, he caused *fac similes* of the autograph signatures of the Fathers to be engraved in copperplate. At the instigation of Mgr. Roscovani, the Bishop of Waitzen, who was in Rome seeking for materials for a scientific work, Padre Theiner sought an audience of the Pope, and begged permission to publish his work, detailing all his secret labor, and at the same time asserting that he had never intended to send the book forth into the world without the full authority and sympathy of the Church. The Pope referred the matter to a commission of learned and pious men, who, without a dissentient voice, declared themselves in favor of the work. The result is, that the Pope has consented to its publication, and added ten thousand scudi to aid in the project, and besides has reinstituted the famous printing-press of the Vatican, which will commence its new life with Padre Theiner's "Complete History of the Council of Trent," and with the publication of all the original documents which have been so long kept from the public gaze among the countless MSS. of the Vatican. The first part will appear in three folio volumes, containing the complete Diary of the Council as it was arranged by Signor Massareli, the secretary, and signed by the Fathers themselves; also the acts of the Council, from its formation to the 13th December, 1445, to its close on the 4th December, 1563, with all the disputes, controversies, and correspondence during that time. These acts are now for the first time presented to the world in an unmutilated form. The second part, also in three folio volumes, will consist of documents relating to the Council, which are not actually official, but at the same time necessary to its history. Signor Theiner has, during the time occupied in setting up the Vatican press, made a journey to Trent to examine the fifty-two volumes of documents relating to the Council, which are preserved in the Mazzetti Library.

Herr Reiss, the bookseller in Vienna, has announced the approaching publication of a splendid edition of the Roman Missal to be decorated in the style of the middle ages. It will be edited under the direction of a committee of eminent artists and archæologists, and has the patronage of the Archduke Ferdinand Max and the Archbishops. The scheme has already a large number of subscribers.

P. Cornelius at Rome is occupied with painting a "Pieta" of great feeling and power. The corpse of Our Lord lies on a white cloth, surrounded by the weeping Maries. The Blessed Virgin holds the hand of Our Lord, looking sorrowfully at Him. Mary Salome supports His head. Joseph of Arimathea bears the spices, with St. John near him; and Calvary is depicted in the background. The report that this celebrated artist was too ill to pursue his profession is, it seems, unfounded. Overbeck is painting at Rome the "Imprisonment of Pope Pius VII. by General Radet" for the Quirinal Palace, and in consequence has been obliged to defer finishing his composition of "The Seven Sacraments." Benzoni is executing a monument of great magnificence to the memory of Cardinal Angelo Mai, the great linguist and late Librarian of the Vatican, which is to be erected in the Church of St. Anastatia.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Times *and* Morning Post *on Italian Affairs.—Sudden Change of Opinion.—Campanella.—Palmerston and the London Conspirators.—India—The Army.—Parliamentary Matters.—"Lord John" and the Jews.—The Premier on the Measure.—The Queen.—A Cavalry Charge Checked by a Donkey.—Mr. Thackeray.—All Hallows College.—The Archbishop of Tuam at Wolverhampton.—The Catholics of Portsmouth.*

London, 24th July, 1857.

The great "Thunderer" of the British Press has certainly arrived at the supreme degree of artistic facility in the useful art of blowing hot and cold. It must be allowed also that some of the lesser sheets imitate their puissant leader with no small degree of success. They all have a horror of failure or misfortune and it is refreshing to see them sustaining with might and main, certain men and measures to-day, and to-morrow giving the last kick to their proteges of the eve. The authors of the rebellious attempts in Italy who were, but a week ago, "heros" in the columns of the *Times* and *Morning Post*, are now (Frailty! thy name is newspaper,) desperadoes, conspirators and frenzied fillibusters; the subjects of the King of Naples are now no longer an oppressed people maddened by despotism but loyal citizens attached to the person of their monarch and devoted to his throne! Oh! what a change was there, great Thunderer! But the *Times* can adopt all the hues of the Chameleon—every color except that of a blush.

The *Times* has published a letter from Fredrico Campanella, one of the refugees accused by the *Moniteur*, in which he denies any participation in the plot to assassinate Louis Napoleon and qualifies the accusation as absurd. The late revolutionary attempts are stated to be entirely Mazzinian schemes; the French refugees here not having been implicated in it in any manner whatever. A London correspondent of the *Austrian Gazette*, a semi-official journal, writes that Lord Palmerston's Cabinet has resolved to apply to Parliament for means to effect the expulsion from England of such foreign refugees as abuse the country's hospitality by making England the centre of plots conceived by assassins. Lord Palmerston may make a virtue of necessity and seem to grant of his own accord what, if report be true, a note from several of the European powers is about to demand.

There is no further news from India. A rumor which circulated yesterday that the attack of the British troops on Delhi had been unsuccessful is contradicted by the *Post*. As soon as the troops ordered for India shall have departed we shall only have in England eighteen infantry regiments to do the duty of forty. Four regiments from the Mediterranean are about to be added to this number, so that for the garrison duty of the whole United Kingdom we shall only have twenty-two infantry battalions. The Colonies cannot spare a man, so that the regiments are about to be raised from 840 to 1,000 men, and then probably by adding 12 battalions of 1,000 men. The 16,000 men sent to India will in future be paid by the East India Company.

The "rumpus" in India seem, to have taken the breath out of "Members" in both Houses, for, during the past week, nothing of great importance has been said—or done. However, "honorable members" have still enough of energy left to show their contempt for measures of Irish interest. A number of petitions in favor of the Tenant Right Bill were presented from Cork, Mayo, Londonderry, Westmeath and Sligo, by Mr. Maguire on Wednesday. That gentleman in moving the discharge of the order for the second reading urged the importance of the subject, and stated his belief that it was a question which could only be settled by the Government. The petitions presented showed the popular feeling on the subject. Mr. Maguire was sustained in his views by several Irish Members, and their united efforts elicited from Mr. Herbert the exceedingly satisfactory answer that if Irish Members would frame a measure to be introduced *next session*, it would receive the careful consideration of her Majesty's government. "Honorable Members" have no bowels except for Jews—the Irish Tenants must hang up their hats in the Synagogue on Saturday, and, then, they will get justice.

Apropos of the Jews, Lord Palmerston having failed in his very liberal designs, our little friend "Lord John" has come to the rescue, but Lord John will cut far a worse figure than "Pam," colloquially so called. His Lordship (John) on Tuesday, moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the "Act for removing doubts as to the validity of certain oaths." The principle of his Lordship's bill was that oaths should be taken in the form and manner binding upon the conscience of those who took the oath. Palmerston supported the motion, but reserved his remarks until he saw more clearly the provisions of the bill. He could not undertake to postpone government business for the purpose of passing the bill. The *Morning Advertiser* published a rumor current in government circles that owing to the business before the House of Commons and the expected debate on Indian Affairs, Parliament will not be prorogued before the 20th of next month.

The Queen spent Thursday and Friday at Aldershot on her way to Osborne. A sham battle took place on the latter day, and a great number of meritorious manœuvres were executed with somewhat more ease than in the Crimea. But an unexpected and proverbially headstrong enemy, alone and unaided obliged a no less "crack" regiment than the Enniskillen Dragoons to pull up in the middle of a grand charge. It was an animal of the long-eared and most abused kind. Neither trampling hoofs nor glittering sabres could make him budge. He put forward his fore-legs and stood his ground until the gallant cavalry were obliged to halt. He must have known what Samson did with the jawbone of his immortal ancestor.

I must beg Mr. Thackeray's pardon for placing him in such company, but correspondence has its exigencies. Oxford has preferred Mr. Cardwell to the author of "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," &c. Decidedly literature is at a discount. However, it may be that the people of Oxford were not mistaken in their choice; one may be a very popular novelist and make but a very indifferent M. P.

A most remarkable event took place at All Hallow's College at the close of the recent session. A youthful and talented Missionary, an aspirant to the Doctorate Degree in Divinity, the Rev. Michael Costello, held a public thesis in defence of all theology, which he maintained during two days in the presence of a large number of the clergy, several venerable bishops, the Professors of Maynooth, and of the Catholic University, the Apostolical Delegate, the Primate, &c., and was then received a Doctor of the Church. It was the first public thesis which had been held in Ireland since the Reformation. The New World is fortunate enough to take the gifted young clergyman from us, for the Rev. Mr. Costello is destined for the mission of Richmond, Virginia.

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam visited Wolverhampton, on Monday last, and was enthusiastically received by an immense concourse of English and Irish Catholics. In the evening his Grace addressed the faithful in English and Irish, and the following day left for Ireland.

The annual *reunion* of the Catholics of Portsmouth, Portsea, and vicinity, was held at Portsea on Monday last. It was a most successful affair, and owed not a little of its success to the band of the "Connaught Rangers," who executed several airs during the evening, and wound up with the favorite and stirring air bearing the well-known title of "Donnybrook Fair." W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Italian Conspiracy.—Mazzini and Ledru Rollin implicated.—The coming trial.—Interesting developments expected.—Spain tranquil.—Executions and reprieves.—Naples.—Leghorn.—Genoa.—The Marianne in Italy.—Where did the money come from?—France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria about to send their compliments to England.—The Pope's visit to Ferrara.—Splendor of his reception.—His departure.—Cardinal Antonelli and the Emperor of Russia.—Petition of the Catholic Nobles of Poland to the Emperor.—Refusal.—The Catholics of Abyssinia.—King Theodore's Ambassadors to Constantinople.—The Foi Bretonne *suspended for two months.—The reason why.—Death of* Beranger.*—Government fears.—The last moments of the poet, by* M. Louis Veuillot, *editor of the* Univers.

Paris, 23rd July, 1857.

The trial of the Italians arrested for conspiracy to murder the Emperor will take place in the commencement of next month. Public curiosity is excited with regard to the affair and extraordinary disclosures are looked for. According to the *Moniteur Universel* the criminals had been arrested previously to the elections; but the Government, desirous to avoid all suspicions of wishing to influence the elections, postponed the proceedings. The government organ announces that the prisoners have confessed their criminal intentions and denounced their accomplices. A list of those implicated is given in the *Moniteur*, and among the names are those of Mazzini and Ledru Rollin. They will all be summoned before the Court of Assizes, but of course those who have not been caught, or who are out of harm's way, will take care not to obey the summons. In that case they will be condemned, *par contumace*. It is not as yet known if the report of the trial will be made public, but it is likely that the government, in its own interest, will permit its publication. It will be an interesting lesson on the intrigues and designs of the chiefs of the Democracy, and an admirable insight into the machinery of revolutions on the most extended scale; for the plot to assassinate Louis Napoleon, the affairs of Genoa, Ponza, and Sapri, and the disturbances in Andalusia are generally thought to be the ramifications of one great European conspiracy.

In the Spanish province tranquillity is now completely restored. Caro and Lallave, the leaders of the rising, have been shot, the one at Seville, the other at Utrera. The whole number shot amounts to about 60; 85 others, who were about to meet the same fate were granted their lives by the Royal clemency, and are to be transported to the Philippine Islands. Caro was one of the *fillibusteros* who took part in Lopez' expedition against the Island of Cuba.

The Neapolitan rebels will be tried by the royal Court of Palermo and not by Court-Martial. This measure has been motived by the fact, that many of the prisoners at Ponza joined Pesacone's party through fear, and were obliged to fight in spite of themselves. Several who refused to march with the rebels were shot.

At Leghorn, on the 7th, a Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of the souls of the soldiers who lost their lives in the recent regrettable outbreaks. The hereditary prince was present with his staff, and an immense crowd assisted at the ceremony.

At Genoa the judicial inquiries have already produced important results. The authorities are convinced that many among the Genoese conspirators belonged to the famous French Secret Society: the *Marianne*. They have proof likewise that the leaders had at their disposal large sums of money, the origin of which is a mystery. Mazzini is believed to have been the prime mover and supreme director of the conspiracy. The affair broke out, it is now said, against his will.

It is reported that France, Russia, Austria and Prussia, are about to address a note to the English Government requesting it not to close its eyes when conspirators in the heart of the English capital are securely plotting against the tranquillity of Europe. The Government of Napoleon III. intends, according to report, to demand the extradition of Ledru Rollin.

Letters from Rome of a recent date state that the harvest in the Pontifical States is made, and that its results are exceedingly plentiful and rich. The Pope's reception at Ferrara was a most brilliant one. The Austrian Government left nothing undone to testify to its respect for the Holy Father. Crowds came from the border cities of the Lombardo-Venitian Kingdom to look upon the Head of the Church. His Holiness left Ferrara on the 15th for San-Michel-in-Bosco, whence he was to depart on the 20th to continue and complete the journey through his States.

His Holiness' Secretary of State, Cardinal Antonelli, has received an autograph letter from the Emperor of Russia, in which Alexander II. assures His Eminence of the gratitude and esteem he has merited by his zeal in strengthening the friendly relations between the Czar and the Pope, as well as by his constant endeavors to bring about a satisfactory understanding between two governments on questions concerning the spiritual wants of the Emperor's faithful subjects of the Roman Catholic faith. The Emperor has also conferred on his Eminence the title and insignia of Chevalier of the Order of the Holy Apostle Andrew.

A portion of the Polish nobility has presented a petition to the Emperor of Russia, praying his Majesty to order the Catholic Churches which are falling into ruin, to be repaired, to build others, to place clergymen in the cities and towns according to the wants of the inhabitants, and that the Polish language should be spoken in the schools. The governments of Minsk, Wolhynie, etc., have addressed similar petitions to the Czar, but all have received unfavorable answers; in the official response the officers of the different governments are accused of *weakness* in joining in such manifestations, and the nobility are told that they have done very wrong in presenting requests devoid of all foundation.

Two ambassadors of King Theodore of Abyssinia arrived lately in Constantinople. Abyssinia is divided into four principal parts: the Gallas, who are Mussulmen; the Catholics, (Ethiopians,) the Eutycheens, the Protestants, disciples of the Biblical Missions. King Theodore is himself a Catholic. The ambassadors are both ecclesiastics, the one a priest, the other a deacon. They came to Constantinople for the purpose of delivering, to the French Ambassador, a letter from King Theodore to the Emperor Napoleon. They are both completely black; one seems about forty, the other, about fifty years of age.

Returning to France, I have another suspension to record: that of the *Foi Bretonne* whose sympathy for the *Assemblee Nationale* was the main cause of its misfortune. *La Foi Bretonne* declared that the late elections were "a victory won by the government when its adversaries were not in the field of battle," and that "the suspension for two months of the *Assemblee Nationale* would pain the monarchical men and win for that journal the most august sympathy." The *Foi Bretonne* has now the same right to sympathy as the *Assemblee*, for it is also suspended for two months.

Beranger is no more. He was buried in less than twenty-four hours after his death. The government fearing a disturbance took the arrangements for the funeral into its own hands. An imposing display of military, seemingly doing honor to the dead, paid a double debt by keeping the living in wholesome subjection. The people who lined the streets manifested their love and admiration of Beranger by uncovered heads and cries of: "Honor to Beranger!" The poet, who in his youth was witty at the expense of the Church, died within the fold. I cannot better employ the space that remains than by translating an article by M. Louis Veuillot of the *Univers* on the last moments of the poet:

"A great deal has been said about the last moments of Beranger and the sentiments in which he died. The folowing details we believe to be exact: Already for some years past Beranger's ideas of the Catholic religion were no longer those of the trice when his anti-religious songs which all date from the Restoration, were in great vogue. He showed it, manifesting occasionally a certain sorrow for those more than violent attacks. He had a sister, a nun, Mme. Marie des Anges, a worthy and venerable woman who ceased not and ceases not to pray for him. He visited her at her convent sometimes, and was ever received there with touching charity. She did not fear to speak to him of God and of his soul; he listened, if not always without irony, at least without bitterness or impatience. Every one knows, besides, that Beranger was most reserved in conversation, and most particular in the observance of conversational decorum. He spoke to his sister of his works of charity in which she took more interest than he could believe, as she hoped that his charity and his desire to do good would bring divine mercy to him. Both loved to speak of their aunt, who died a nun of the same order as Mme. Marie des Anges, and who had during her life shown them the most tender affection. Beranger's thoughts were not yet elevated above an already respectful but very vague deism. When our Lord Jesus Christ was spoken of, the poet, while multiplying words of respect, showed but too clearly that he only honored a man in the Savior of men. About a year ago something further began to dawn. He wrote a letter to his sister, which he ended by requesting her prayers and assuring her that she would not be forgotten in his own. It is known that since that time he prayed. We have not the right to say what spirit chosen by the clemency of Heaven was sufficiently loved to be able to inspire him with the taste for, and to give him the habit of praying. The humble and consoling practice of Christian virtue is already compensated for all its sacrifices when it produces like results. This year one of his oldest and most intimate friends being on the point of death, he endeavored to induce her to receive the last sacraments. She refused and the sorrow he felt gave hopes that he had resolved to take pity on himself. Whether from a feeling of propriety which guided his private conduct, or from a higher motive, he always regretted that M. de Lamennais quitted the bosom of the Church. 'Lamennais,' said he, 'had a glorious line marked out for him, he should not have quitted it.'

"Beranger kept up personal relations of the kindest description with his Cure, the Abbe Josselin, whom he had previously known when he lived at Passy. When he came to settle in the parish of Saint Elizabeth he immediately went to see the Abbe and placed at his disposal a small sum annually with an excuse for not being able to give any more. The worthy priest well knew that if his new parishioner's fortune was limited, his goodness was inexhaustible.

"Finally, Beranger was taken ill and did not deceive himself as to the gravity of his position. The Cure visited him, spoke of God and was well received. Several visits followed, the patient himself desired them and one of them was strictly private. After a '*confidential conversation*' (we use the term employed by others) the sick man wished to receive the '*pardon*' (it is his own word) in the presence of the friends by whom he was usually surrounded. He respectfully made the sign of the Cross and received with the priest's blessing the pardon he requested. The following day, he sent for the Cure and said to him before all the persons who were there: 'The pardon once more.' The Cure understood that he solicited the sacramental absolution and gave it to him. Beranger gave proof, in these circumstances and particularly during the last days of his life, of Christian sentiments; he invoked the saints and martyrs and said: 'My God! you so great and I so little, take pity on me!'"

May the poet's dying prayer be heard!

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CITY NEWS.

Mrs. Cunningham Again.—The town was taken by surprise about midday, on Tuesday, the 4th inst., when the unmelodious, though stentorian voice of the newsboy, announced to eager and listening thousands the fact that Mrs. Cunningham, *alias* Burdell, had been re-arrested. The charge on this occasion is not that of Murder, but of Felony. It appears that since her acquittal this extraordinary individual has been going about telling her acquaintances and lawyers that she was *enciente*, and that an heir was about being born to the estate of the late Harvey Burdell. This intimation was received as truth by those to whom it was addressed, and to such an extent did the nefarious woman prevail over the credulity of her hearers, that one of her Counsel (Judge Dean) intimated to the Surrogate, that a child was about being born, and that the month of August would usher in its birth. For the better carrying out of her project, Mrs. Cunningham applied to Dr. Uhl, an eminent city practitioner, and made him an offer of one thousand dollars, provided he would find a newly-born infant to represent that of the expected heir to the Burdell property. To this proposal the Doctor gave what appeared to her a consent, but instead of going in search of the "newly-born infant" he hurried away to the office of the District Attorney, Oakley Hall, and revealed the whole plot to him. That functionary set his wits to work, and on Monday (the day previous to her arrest) she was supplied with the desired baby from a house in Elm street. So far so good; but here follows the exposition: for while Mrs. Cunningham is enacting a fictitious travail, and exciting the sympathy of tender-hearted, but unsophisticated neighbors, by cries extorted from her by the pains of pretended labor, in comes an officer who politely informed her (after the manner of all such officials, when engaged in a delicate undertaking of any kind,) that "the game was played out," and by way of convincing her of the truth of his assertion, winds up by arresting herself, the *accoucheur* in attendance, (Dr. Catlin,) and the mid-wife. Since then a number of inquiries have been instituted in relation to the affair before Police Magistrates, and Dr. Catlin has turned State's Evidence and exposed the entire thing. Her two daughters, Augusta and Helen, have also been subpœnaed, and during their examination at the Jefferson Police Court, appeared to be considerably crest-fallen and dispirited, though it was quite apparent that the attempts at prevarication, which distinguished them during their previous examinations, had not forsaken them in this; in other words, it was very evident they knew more—much more than they cared to communicate. It may well be asked what incited Mrs. Cunningham to all this? and why did she seek recourse to this tangled web of duplicity? The question is easily answered; it was prompted by inordinate desire of wealth, by that passion for folly and display, which has lately half-turned people's brains, and incites them to rush into any project, however wicked or extravagant, provided it bring them but the consummation of their fond desires. In truth, this woman now lying under arrest at her house No. 31 Bond street, is a fair index of a class who have unfortunately become quite numerous here latterly. One of the chief peculiarities of this class is, that its members have an insatiable desire of being known and recognized as belonging to the "Upper Classes." Retailers of scandal and frequenters of the most conspicuous "silk stocking" churches in the city, are those people, and on week days when they appear on the pavements of our most crowded thoroughfares, enveloped in crinoline and presumption, most contemptously do they look down on honest worth, and most strenuously do they strive to eschew virtues they can never hope to attain. This late escapade on the part of Mrs. Cunningham, though not involving the serious consequences likely to accrue from a conviction under a former charge of murder, is, notwithstanding, serious enough, and subjects its perpetrator to a rigorous confinement for a period not exceeding five years. Since the day of the arrest crowds of curious and inquisitive persons, consisting mostly of females, infest the sidewalks in the neighborhood of 31 Bond street, and whenever any of those connected with this extraordinary transaction attempts to leave the house, they are instantly beset by the multitude, who vent their spleen by vociferous remarks, such as "there goes a sharp," "where's the baby?" and other such exclamations, frequently accompanying them with obscene allusions. Meanwhile, the unfortunate author of all this excitement lies extended on a bed of sickness, a prey to the most excruciating torments which baffled hopes and ruined prospects can engender, but still with a criminal hardihood denying her guilt. As soon as she is in a condition of being removed it is intended to send her to her old apartments in the Tombs, the authorities refusing to leave her off on bail. Notice has been given to the entire family to quit the house No. 31 Bond street without delay, so that in a few days not a single individual bearing the name of Cunningham, or in anywise connected with them, will remain on the premises.

Burglary and Bigotry.—On the morning of Wednesday, the 5th inst., the Grocery and Liquor Store of Robert Boyd, No. 72 West Eighteenth street, was entered by burglars. Alexander Boyd, a relative of the proprietor, who slept on the first floor, was roused out of his sleep by a light in his room, and recognized two men whom he had frequently seen in the store. He immediately jumped up, grappled with the fellows and ejected them from the store. Scarcely were they ejected, however, when they again returned and a fresh encounter was the result, in the course of which one of the burglars drew a revolver, discharged it five times at Boyd, three of the balls taking effect. After this the robbers fled, pursued by their victim, who followed them, until from exhaustion and loss of blood he was forced to desist. He was conveyed to his residence where he lingered in the most excruciating torments until Friday morning when he died. The *N. Y. Tribune* and *Times* in detailing the facts of the case asserted that deceased was a Protestant and a great advocate of his religion in opposition to the Roman Catholic, and further, that his Catholic neighbors have threatened him with violence in consequence of his denunciations of Catholicity. No falser calumny could have been uttered than this, and his friends justly indignant at the barefacedness of such an assertion have come forward and declare that he was not in the habit of obtruding his religious opinions on any one, but that the object of the burglars was plunder, as their relative was known to be the possessor of a splendid gold watch and chain, as well as some money. The time has long since passed when any statement emanating from the *Tribune* on the score of politics or religion has been regarded as worthy of credence. Since the hour it became demented on its twin-subjects of Kansas and Negro Slavery, it has ceased to be authentic; and as for its fellow-calumniator, its antecedents are of such an unenviable notoriety as places it far below notice. Two or three persons have been arrested on suspicion of being engaged in the robbery and murder, but judging from present appearances they are not likely to be the real criminals. The police are, however, said to be on the right track, and further arrests are anticipated.

Enlisting for India.—There is not the slightest doubt if the Indian revolution, continues as in all probability it will, that Mr. Bull will set on foot an enlistment scheme in this and other large cities of the Union. In such an emergency it will be the duty of every good and faithful citizen, whether native or otherwise, to be on the alert, in order to expose and bring to punishment the agents and conductors of such a scheme. The independence of this country has indeed been achieved to little purpose, if the bone and manhood of its population are to be thus drafted away for the purpose of upholding despotism and crushing brave men struggling to drive from off their soil the plunderer and robber.

Walker's Adherents.—The condition of a portion of Walker's adherents at present in this city is represented as truly deplorable. Several hundred of them are wandering about the streets by day, destitute of food or clothing, while they are compelled to sleep in the parks at night. An agent of the Camden and Amboy Railroad has sent some thirty-five of them free of cost to Philadelphia.

A constable created some excitement at the City Hall on Thursday of last week. Armed with an execution against the city, and determined to put it in force, he laid hold of the portrait of Wm. H. Seward, which is in the Governor's room, but after a short interval changed his mind and bore off that of "Old Hays," the celebrated thief-catcher, which he found in Mr. Valentine's office.

Nearly twenty-eight thousand emigrants have arrived in this port during the month of July.

A meeting was held in the Fifth Ward on the evening of Thursday, the 6th inst., for the purpose of protesting against the insane project of a Vigilance Committee for the city of New York, as recommended at a meeting held in that Ward on the 3d of August, and to which allusion was made in last week's Tablet. We suspect the gentry who first set on foot the idea of a Vigilance Committee are more interested in their own interests than in preserving the property of citizens; in short, they are those who find themselves seized with an uncontrollable desire of obtaining some kind of office or another, and on that account seize on the present undoubted prevalence of crime as the quickest and most expeditious road to notoriety, and of bringing their names before the public. This method of "pipe laying" does not at all astonish us; we have known those who resorted to such practices before now.

Michael Cancemi, the Italian charged with the murder of Anderson the policeman, was arraigned in the Court of Sessions on Thursday, the 6th inst., and pleaded "Not Guilty." His trial will commence on Monday, the 17th of August.

The total number of deaths in this city for the week ending Saturday, the 8th inst., is 551, being an increase of 20 over that of the week previous.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

The "Ark," the New Church at Kilbaha.—The first stone of the new Catholic Church at Kilbaha, Carrigaholt, near Loophead, was laid on Sunday, the 12th July, by the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Killaloe, and the Right Rev. Doctor Whelan, Bishop of Bombay, assisted by the Rev. Michael Meehan, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Hannan, C.C.; Rev. P. Meehan, and Rev. Mr. Dinan, P.P., Ballinacally. The new church was dedicated to the Virgin Mother of God, and the name adopted for it—the appropriate one of "The Star of the Sea." The ceremony was highly impressive and affecting, and witnessed and shared by no less than 3,000 intelligent and respectable looking people, all of whom joined in prayer before the Ark, where the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Meehan. In a hollow of the foundation stone, which, with the machinery, was prepared by Messrs. Wallace and Son, builders of the St. John's Cathedral, Limerick, was deposited a roll of parchment, with a memorandum of the act and the proceedings, together with coins of the present reign. The memorandum was to the following effect: "On the 12th day of July, 1857, this first stone was consecrated and placed in this foundation by the Right Rev. Daniel Vaughan, Bishop of Killaloe, in Ireland, assisted by the Right Rev. Wm. Joseph Whelan, Bishop of Aureliopolis; Rev. Michael Meehan being the pastor; Rev. Laurence Hannan, Coadjutor; Nicholas Westby, Esq., granting the site of the chapel. I hereby certify that the above is authentic and true. Given at Carrigaholt, 12th July, 1857. D. Vaughan, Bishop of Killaloe." Bishop Whelan then, addressing the people, briefly but impressively referred to an occasion closely resembling the present, when, in the mountains of India, he dedicated a church to St. Patrick, and, until finished, the people were badly off; but that now they had one of the neatest churches to be seen. Bishop Vaughan then, addressing them in Irish, which they listened to with evident satisfaction, said that for the past seven years he came often long journeys to visit this parish—that the great inconvenience of having 300 or 400 people five miles from any chapel, kneeling every Sunday under the inclemency of the weather, would soon be at an end.

Election of Bishop for the Diocese of Ross.—We have seldom witnessed a more solemn ceremony than took place in the Catholic Church of Rosscarbery, being the occasion of the election of a successor to the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, translated to the See of Cloyne. From an early hour in the morning the faithful streamed into Ross from all parts of the country. The church, the interior arrangements of which were most appropriate, reflected the highest credit on the very rev. divine who so worthily presides over this portion of the vineyard. The prelates in attendance were: Rt. Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel and Metropolitan of the Province; the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Lord Bishop of Waterford; the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Lord Bishop of Cork; the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, Lord Bishop of Cloyne, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry. The ceremony consisted of a High Mass, de Spiritu Sancto, the celebrant being the Rev. J. Haines; Rev. E. Mulcahy as deacon, Rev. J. Mulcahy as sub-deacon, and Rev. R. Beausang as master of ceremonies. The church being cleared of the congregation, his Grace of Cashel proceeded with his suffrages to the election of a successor of St. Fachnan. After considerable deliberation, the result of the scrutiny, the Rev. M. Madden and Rev. D. Foley acting as tellers, stood thus: The Very Rev. Michael O'Hea, Dignissimus; the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, Dignior; the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Dignus. These respected and venerated names are already on their way to Rome.

Opening of a New Catholic Cathedral.—The *Banffshire Journal* says: "The new Catholic Cathedral at Buckie was opened on Sabbath week by the Right Rev. Bishop Kyle, assisted by the Rev. Wm. Clapperton, who is to be the first missionary therein. There was a large attendance; a collection was taken at the door, which amounted to £14 sterling and odd. The building is a very handsome edifice, both externally and internally. The cost, we believe, has been £3,600 sterling, £2,000 of which were raised by the congregation, about £700 or £800 by one lady, and about an equal sum by the bishop from his own private purse, and the balance from various sources. As the congregation do not exceed more than 400 in number, the contributions bespeak both zeal and energy.

The Kerry Diocese.—The annual Diocesan Synod was held in Killarney, where, much to the regret of the inhabitants of Tralee, the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty has rather unexpectedly fixed his residence. After High Mass, celebrated in the cathedral, the clergy of the diocese assembled in Synod, when, among other matters transacted, the Rev. John O'Sullivan, P.P. of Kenmare, was solemnly confirmed in the office of Archdeacon of Aghadoe. A subscription, amounting to £204 was collected on the instant for the mounment about to be erected to the memory of the Right Rev. Dr. Egan, the late bishop of the diocese.

We read in the *Bretagne* as follows: "Mgr. Guillemin, Apostolic Prefect of the Province of Canton, in the Chinese Empire, arrived at St. Brioue. His lordship is a native of Besancon. He is accompanied by a young Chinese, a student of philosophy in the College of Hong Kong, who, wearing the costume of his country, drew all eyes towards him. He speaks Latin with facility, and is beginning to explain himself satisfactorily in French. He was converted to Christianity ten years ago at the same time as his mother, by a French Missionary from our country, (Brittany,) the Abbe Turdu.

On the 2d of July, the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the foundation of St. Mary's Catholic Church at Bacup was blessed and laid by the Very Rev. Provost Croskell, V.G., in the absence of his Lordship the Bishop of Salford. At the conclusion of the ceremony a collection was made which amounted to the sum of thirteen pounds. The Protestants who were present conducted themselves in a most becoming manner, and many of them generously came forward and contributed their might to the good work.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Galway, held Confirmation in the remote parishes of Russmuck and Lettermullen. In Russmuck, upwards of 500 were confirmed. His Lordship expressed himself exceedingly well pleased at the deeply-devotional feelings manifested by the flock under the pastoral care of the Rev. Thomas Walsh, P.P. In Lettermullen his Lordship confirmed upwards of 200.—*Tuam Herald.*

At the Presentation Convent, Bandon, July 13, aged 30 years, after a painful and protracted illness, Nora, eldest daughter of Mr. Michael Shaw, R.E., Queen street, Limerick, and niece of the late Mr. Paul Crowly, of Inchy Mills, Timoleague. She proved herself a very useful and efficient member of the pious community in which she lived for the last ten years.

Domestic.

Consecration of Rt. Rev. Dr. Barry.—The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Barry, as Bishop of Savannah, took place at the Cathedral in this city on Sunday morning, 2nd inst. The hour appointed for the commencement of the ceremonies was 10 o'clock, but long before that hour the building was crowded by those desirous of witnessing the elevation of a most pious and zealous Priest to the dignity of a Bishop. All the Bishops of the Province were invited to attend, and there were present—the Rt. Rev. Bishop McGill, of Richmond, Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann of Philadelphia, Rt. Rev. Bishop Young, of Erie, Very Rev. Dr. Lynch, Administrator of Charleston, and also the Rt. Rev. Bishop Portier, of Mobile, from the Province of New Orleans. At the appointed hour the procession moved from the Episcopal residence to the Cathedral, and presented one of those impressive spectacles of the Catholic Church. The Venerable Metropolitan, the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, closed the procession. The Most Rev. Archbishop officiated as consecrator, while the Right Rev. Bishops Portier and Neumann acted as assistants. The Archbishop was attended by the Rev. Messrs. Elder and McNally—Bishop Portier by Rev. Messrs. Dubriel and Menu, and Bishop Neumann by Rev. Messrs. Obermeyer and McColgan. The Rev. Mr. Ferte acted as Master of Ceremonies. There were also present a large number of Rev. Clergy of the city. The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop McGill, from the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians, chap. ii, 19 to 22 verses. The ceremony throughout was solemnly grand and impressive and could not have failed to convince the searcher after truth, that in the Catholic Church alone is to be found that chain which, link by link, reaches back to the days of the Apostles.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

Sister Mary Vincentia, one of the order of the Sisters of Charity, died on the 19th ultimo at Lasalle, Illinois, whither she had been sent three years ago by her superiors at Emmetsburg, to establish a school and orphan asylum.

A company of Sisters of Charity left Georgetown, D. C., for the South, a few days ago, to be ready to meet the epidemic fevers incident to that climate at this season.

On Sunday, 19th ult., the Right Rev. John Barry, Bishop elect of Savannah, laid the corner stone of a new church at Augusta, Ga.

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PROSPECTUS.

SITUATED 8 miles distant from the City of New York, in an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson River, the Academy commands a most delightful view of the magnificent scenery for which that noble stream is so justly celebrated; whilst, at the same time, the location is one of the most healthy in the Union. The large and commodious edifice occupied by the Institution, having lately undergone some important improvements and additions to the original structure, cannot fail to ensure the comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

The age for admission into this Institution is from 6 to 12 years. Children under 6, or over 12, are not admitted.

Terms:

Entrance Fee.....$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum..180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents. Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

The following are extra, viz.: Instrumental Music $60 per annum. Spanish and German Languages, each $24.

Observations.

The Scholastic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September, and terminating on the 1st of August. No Pupils kept in the Institution during the annual vacation, which is from the end of July till the 1st of September.

The Pupils will have holidays to go and visit their parents and guardians, at the following times: Christmas, Easter and the 4th of July, 4 days each.

Parents can visit their children on Thursdays, from 10 to 12 o'clock, A.M., and on Sundays, between the High Mass and Vespers.

In case of serious sickness, Pupils will be confided to the care of their parents or guardians.

Outfit.

Each Pupil is required to have the following articles, viz.: 1 suit of Uniform, which is a Blue Cloth Jacket, with bright buttons, black pants and blue cap; 2 suits of Clothes for every day wear; 3 Surtouts of light stuff as linen or muslin; 8 Shirts, 8 pairs of Socks or Stockings, 3 pairs of Drawers, 3 Night Shirts, 6 Napkins of large size, 8 Towels, 3 Handkerchiefs, 3 Cravats, 2 Caps, 3 pairs of Sheets, 2 Blankets, 1 Quilt, 2 white Coverlits and 2 pairs of Boots and Shoes. A Knife, Fork, Spoon, and Goblet of silver or composition; 2 Combs, coarse and fine, a Comb-rack, Hair Brush, Tooth Brush, Clothes Brush and Shoe Brush; a small Tin box for the Toilet articles.

Communications by Letter to be made to the Brother Superior. ag8 1y

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance.....$100 00
Washing..... 12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above..... 50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter..... 12 00
Guitar " " 12 00
Painting and Drawing..... 6 00
No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " " " 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.
jn6 3m

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE,

FORDHAM, WESTCHESTER Co., N. Y.

Studies will be resumed in this Institution on the 2d of September. ag15 6t

R. J. TELLIER, S.J., President.

EDUCATION.

CONVENT

OF THE

SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE-DAME,

Established at Montreal,

FOR FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE course of Instruction embraces the French and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, and the use of the Globes; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an insight of Chemistry and Philosophy, Botany, Geology, Conchology, Music, Vocal and Instrumental; Drawing, Painting; every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-Work.

Pupils cannot be admitted without a recommendation. Parents residing at a distance, should appoint some individual in the city, who will be charged to liquidate the amount of the bills, when due, and receive the young ladies should circumstances render their removal from the institution necessary.

The Pupils have access to the garden adjoining the establishment, and are allowed on days of recreation to extend their walk to *Villa-Maria*, a country seat, most pleasantly located, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and, occasionally to the *Nun's Island*, always attended by several of *the Sisters*.

A vacation of about six weeks is annually given, commencing on *the Thursday* of the *third week of July*, and terminating the *first Thursday of September*.

Each pupil must be furnished on her entrance with: *For Summer Costume.*—Two Light Blue Dresses, one White Dress. Three Black Aprons, Six Collars. A Straw Bonnet, trimmed with light blue riband. Two pairs of Gloves, one white, the other colored; a Communion Veil.

Winter Costume.—Two Dark Blue Dresses. A Dark Blue Cloak, a Bonnet, trimmed with black. Two Black Veils.

Every pupil must be furnished, at least, with six changes of Linen, Stockings, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Towels, Night Gowns, one or two Colored Dresses. A Sun Bonnet, Parasol, India Rubbers, three pairs Shoes, Books, (and if to learn Drawing,) Paper and Drawing Materials.

Parents wishing their children to be furnished with clothes, or articles requisite for Drawing or Fancy Work, may deposit funds for the purpose in the hands of the Directress, who will supply them in accordance with the wishes expressed.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum, (payable quarterly in advance).....	£18 10 0—$74 00
Entrance, Pen and Ink.....	0 12 6— 2 50
Music, Piano.....	3 10 0— 14 00
" Guitar.....	5 5 6— 21 00
" Harp.....	9 12 6— 38 50
Drawing.....	2 15 6— 11 00
Painting in Water Colors, and on Velvet.....	3 0 0— 12 00
Foreign Languages—Charge of the Teachers.	
Washing.....	3 10 0— 14 06
Bed and Bedding.....	3 15 0— 15 00
Music Lessons from Professor.....	10 10 0— 42 00

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, MARIA-VILLA, FORMERLY MONKLANDS.

This is a branch of the House in the city; it is pleasantly situated, about two miles from town, on the side of the mountain, commanding a fine view of the St. Lawrence. It has a park and grounds of 200 acres. It was formerly the residence of the Governors-General of Canada, and is generally admitted to be one of the most beautiful situations in America.

Terms:

The charges in the Institution are from $30 to $40 more than in the House in town.

Persons desirous of placing pupils in either of these Institutions can address the Superior of the Congregation of Our Lady, Montreal. aug1 6t

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is..... $150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin..... 135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra..... 15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum..... 20
Music, per annum..... 40
Use of Piano, per annum..... 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity.

THIS INSTITUTION, the object of which is to give young girls of the middle and poorer classes an opportunity of receiving an education to fit them thoroughly to fulfil the duties of the station in which Divine Providence has placed them, opened on the 24th of November, 1856, under the special protection of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In order to give the Pupils under their charge the full advantage of an English education, to instruct them in the duties of their Holy Faith, and, above all, to guard them under the eye of religion during the most critical period of life—from twelve to eighteen—as well as to teach them the different female trades, such as Mantuamaking, Plain Sewing, Tailoring, Making Flowers, Vestments for the Church, Embroidering, the Use of the Sewing Machine, &c., the Sisters propose generally to keep them under instruction for three years, with an entrance fee of fifty dollars.

No charge will be made to Day Scholars if they attend three years. But three dollars a quarter will be charged to those who enter the School for a shorter time.

Boarders wishing to remain in the Establishment only one year will pay fifty dollars.

For particulars apply at the Institution, No. 75 East Seventh street. mar21 tf

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,

No. 229 EAST BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY.

Studies will be resumed on Tuesday, 1st September. ag16 6t

EDUCATION.

A. M. D. G.

COLLEGE OF HOLY CROSS,

WORCESTER, MASS.

THIS College, founded and placed by the Right Reverend BENEDICT JOSEPH FENWICK, Bishop of Boston, under the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, beautifully situated on the heights of Worcester, commands a full view of the city and surrounding country, and is distinguished for its remarkably healthy air, and abundant supply of good water. A farm of ninety-six acres is attached to the College.

The plan of education is desired to prepare young men for an ecclesiastical, professional, or commercial state of life.

Age of admission, from nine to fifteen years. No student admitted for a less term than six months, and no deduction made, if removed before the term expires.

Terms:

The pension for the scholastic year, for Tuition, Board, and Lodging, Washing and Mending, Linen and Stockings, is..... $150 00
For Half-Boarders,..... 100 00
For Day-Boarders,..... 50 00
Use of Philosophical Instruments,..... 10 00
Graduation Fees,..... 10 00
For such Students as may spend their vacations at the College, an extra charge will be made, of..... 20 00

The following items are extra charges: the German, Spanish, and Italian languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, Fencing, and Medical attendance.

All charges must be paid half yearly in *advance*. Should any defer for the space of *one month* to pay in advance, the President of the College is directed to remove their sons or wards from the Institution.

No advance for clothing or other expenses will be made by the College, unless a deposit be left with the Treasurer for the purpose.

Every student must be provided with the uniform, namely: black frock coat or jacket, white pantaloons and vest in Summer, blue pantaloons and dark vest in Winter. No student is to visit out of the College without his uniform. All must be provided with two suits for daily wear, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six handkerchiefs, three pairs of shoes or boots, great coat or cloak. Each student must also be provided with a silver spoon.

Regular accounts of board, tuition, will be sent every six months in advance. It is earnestly requested that immediate remittances be made to the full amount.

PETER J. BLENKINSOP, S.J.,
President.

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

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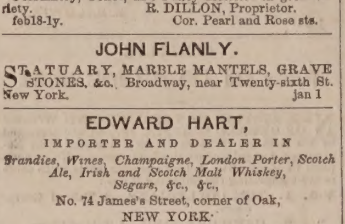

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